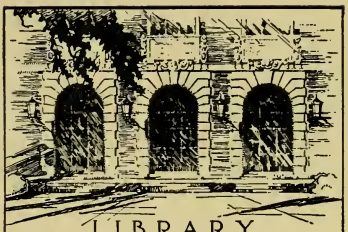

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THE

SPANISH OUTLAW.

A TALE.

VO III.

Printed by R. WILKS, Chancery-lane.

THE

SPANISH OUTLAW,

A TALE.

BY WILLIAM HERBERT, Esq.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON :
PRINTED FOR J. F. HUGHES, WIGMORE-STREET, CAVENDISH-SQUARE.

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THE

SPANISH OUTLAW.

LETTER I.

Laurenzo Cascara to Don Pedro de Massarena.

Madrid, 2 *Sept.* 17— 4 o'clock, Morn.

WE are undone, my dear master, we are undone! What will become of us? If the Signor Texado had been still here —— I know not, Signor, with what part of this dreadful history to begin.

In order to reach the promenade we crossed the Place Major, and when we were by Signor Sancha's, my master said, "Gentlemen, suppose we go in for a moment; I have something to say to this good bookseller. Accordingly we all went in—the six officers, my master, Astucia, and myself; and quite filled his shop, in which there were already six people, amongst whom I observed the Signor Balbuena, who appeared to me to have had the advantage of us in the way of dinner; for on getting up to salute my master, he stumbled, and fell down by the side of his chair; and we were obliged to lift him up and replace him in his seat.

When the Signor Sancha saw us enter,

ter, he told my master that he did not expect that he would have done him the honour to bring such a brilliant company: upon which my master asked him if he was sorry for it, and he answered, that far from being sorry, he felt much flattered by it. As he said that, Wanderghen, whom I had not before seen, on account of his being concealed in a corner, pulled Signor Sancha away by the arm, and coming fiercely up to my master with his hat on—"Ah! Ah!" said he, "is it you, Signor?"—"Yes, it is myself," answered my master, putting on his hat, "at your service."—"What news of Texado?"—"All that I have had has been very good."—"He has been guilty of a most infamous

proceeding towards me."—"He is incapable of an uncivil one, much less an infamous one. You should not have suffered so gross a word to have escaped you in the presence of so choice a company, as that before which you speak." "You may take it as you please; but I tell you that he behaves very ill to his friends."—"I have only to say, that he never behaved ill towards me; and as for his other friends, I know nothing of them."—"He has offended me deeply; he has quarrelled with me; and before acting as he has done, he should have paid me what he owed me."—"How much does he owe you, pray?"—"Fifty-two piasters."—"I am commissioned to pay it to you, which I am ready to do immé-

immediately."—"This is not the place, Signor, to settle accounts with me."—"What do you mean?"—"I mean, that it is the debtor's place to wait on the creditor."—"Am I your debtor, then?"—"You represent him."—"Whether I represent, or am represented, I pay you the sum that is due to you; and whether it is done at your own house or here, it matters not. Texado might have done as he thought proper; but I have found you here, and will therefore pay you here."—"Texado is not yet so great a man as to dispense with the respect which is due to me. I have learned to know him, and I find by the conduct which he has instructed you to observe towards me, that he is as

void of gratitude as decency; he is a little blackguard----" Here the conversation was interrupted by Signor Balbuena. "My friend Wanderghen," said he, in rather a confused style, "you have certainly given me a very good dinner; there was nothing wanting; you have treated me like a prince, and I have no fault to find; but all I have to say is, that you lie. You make a mistake; it is not Texado who is a blackguard, but yourself; and I never suffer Texado to be abused in my presence."—"Hold your tongue, drunkard," cried Wanderghen.—"Drunk I may be," cried Balbuena, "since you made me drunk to get at things I could not tell you, because I did not know them; but I must be

be civil and polite, though I am drunk. I will give you my word, that Texado behaves like a gentleman; and, as a proof, I myself owe him fifty-six piasters."—"You owe them no longer," said my master; "my uncle has paid them for you, and will no doubt deduct it from your salary as librarian."—"Do you say so?" replied Balbuena. "Friend Wanderghen I think that was not an infamous proceeding?—What do you say?"—"I say, that I desire you will hold your tongue, and not interfere with our conversation."

"Signor," said my master to Wanderghen, "let us conclude this affair. Be pleased to take a slip of paper, and write me a receipt for fifty-two piasters."

—" I shall write it at my own house." —" You shall write it here."—" You talk highly."—" High or low, you don't go from here till you have done it."—" You would not dare to speak to me thus, if you had not taken the precaution to come with your forces."—" No comments; do as I desire."—Wanderghen then took a slip of paper and scribbled a receipt, gnashing his teeth all the time. My master read it and paid him the fifty-two piasters, and said to him, " Now, Signor, that Texado is quit with you. I am ready, on my own part, to give you every personal satisfaction that you can desire."—" Quit!" exclaimed Wanderghen. " Oh, no; neither Texado nor any of his family can

can ever be quit with me!—'Tis I who am quit with him, which he shall soon learn. You may tell him that I have found a different place for his Josephine than that he designed for her."—"By heaven!" exclaimed my master, in a rage, and with eyes flashing fire, "I will crush that man like a reptile, who, after this declaration which I now make, shall dare to meddle with what concerns Miss Josephine."—"You must except me," said Sancha; "for I will publicly confess, that I always have meddled with the concerns of Miss Josephine, and always shall."—"You must understand," said my master to him, "that I did not mean to speak of an honest well-meaning man like you."—"San-

cha," said Wanderghen, "are not you a bachelor?"— "I am, Signor, and what then?"—"Should not you like to take Miss Josephine for your wife?"—"Suppose I should, what have you to say against it? It is true, I am not in the prime of my youth; but there are some at five and twenty years of age that are worse formed than I am. My shoulders are not quite round yet, and when I look before me, it may be seen that I look straight. My fortune is not very considerable, but it is honestly acquired, and may perhaps be worth a marquisate and lieutenancy: is it necessary to be a marquis or lieutenant before one can marry? If, indeed, a lady of Miss Josephine's worth should honour me so greatly

greatly as to permit me to aspire to her hand, I should certainly be very foolish to refuse such an excess of happiness." —"Then don't be foolish, Sancha; she will bring plenty of custom to your shop; instead of thirty young men, you will have thirty thousand in it; and I shall not relax in my attendance; for you know, whatever is here is at the public disposal"—"And you, Signor," continued Wanderghen, addressing himself to my master, "and you, Signor, pray does not the interest which you feel for this Josephine bear some resemblance to Signor Sancha's?"—"None of your nonsensical jokes; I will not suffer them."—"There was nothing jocose in that; on the contrary, nothing can be more

more serious. If you have any claims on Josephine, it becomes you to state the nature of them; otherwise, if they should be trifling, or if you should have none at all, you could not take it amiss that those who have should prosecute them. I speak, I believe, like a sound logician?"—"Yes; you are an eloquent man, Signor Wanderghen, and I am not. It is sufficient for me to inform you, that, in the absence of my friend, I take Miss Josephine under my especial protection; and that if by your act, or that of any of your creatures, she suffers the most trifling inconvenience or molestation, I will take an exemplary vengeance for the wrong."—"You may attach what importance you please, Sig-

nor, to your protection, which you are pleased to sound so highly; but as for your vengeance, it will never alarm Wanderghen. Your speech and manners are insolent in the extreme; and I have degraded myself too much by listening to you so long. I have nothing more to say to you: you know my determination; take care you make a prudent use of your knowledge."

The conversation grew warmer. Diego Menezes would take a part in it, and, instead of extinguishing, increased the flame. "Don Carlos," said he to my master, "is this the Wanderghen who wrote so admirably on the military art?" —"It is himself," answered Wanderghen; "what do you want with him?" —"And

—" And Texado," continued Menezes, still speaking to my master, " is your friend?" —" My best friend," answered my master.—" Well! Don Carlos," said Menezes, " Texado is my friend too, then; I am his second; and, by G—d, I will drink a bottle of French wine with him out of the skull of this Wanderghen, who writes such fine things on the military art."—" Your bullying does not intimidate me. You should indulge in it when you are in the field, and not come seven or eight against one man."—" Hell and thunder!" exclaimed Menezes, " this Wanderghen, who has written so many fine things on the military art, is an impertinent scoundrel; and till I can get his skull, I have a great

great mind to take one of his ears."—"Captain, Captain," said my master, "leave Wanderghen's skull and ears alone. He is very right. This is not the proper place for such menaces; and why should you take part in a difference that in no way concerns you?"—"Whether the gentleman does or does not take a part in it, is of little consequence to me. You are now seven—be twenty, or one hundred, if you please, I shall not shrink from you, provided you fight one by one."—"What, valiant hero!" said one of the officers. "Pho, he is mad," said others; "let us go and leave him to rave by himself."—"Gentlemen, gentlemen," exclaimed Wanderghen, "a word with you before you go. Since

you

you have thought proper to interfere in an explanation which belonged exclusively to Don Carlos and myself, it is but just that you should hear what I have to say. He has made his declaration, let me be permitted to make mine. It shall not be very long. Thus it is: Let those, who considered themselves injured by what I have written, defend themselves with the weapon with which I have attacked them; that is the pen. I handle no other in a contest of this nature; I will offer no other satisfaction. As to the dissention between Don Carlos and myself, that's another thing. I offer him peace or war; he may take his choice; but peace is on one condition only; namely, that he makes no opposition

sition to my desire of entering your corps as lieutenant. If he does not subscribe to this condition, I conclude that he is disposed to war, which I here offer him fairly."—"Oh! the silly fellow!" said my master, laughing, "a war with Solomon Wanderghen, a fair war! As you write so well, my dear sir, publish your manifesto, and it shall be read at the head of the regiment. Assemble all your tenants and vassals in your marquisate, and we will enter the field when you please. You can both write and fight; so that you will be another Cæsar, and write the history of your own exploits."—"Yes, Signor," cried Wanderghen, foaming with rage, "I will have war! war! You have insulted

sulted me here in the presence of witnesses; you are bound to give me satisfaction; I demand and will have it"—"And I," said Balbuena, getting up, and making as well as he could towards the door, "I will beg to be neutral."—My master shrugged up his shoulders, and turning towards the officers:—"Come, comrades, let us go," said he to them; we have heard nonsense enough."—We all went out as he desired; but immediately after he went back, and, without looking at Wanderghen, who was whispering to some of his companions, he said to Sancha, "Apropos, Signor Sancha; I wish to speak with you on business of some importance; which was, in fact, the object

ject of this visit: will you receive me the day after to-morrow, at about eight o'clock in the morning?" — Signor Sancha signified his assent, and we all left them, and took a turn round the Prado, after which we returned to the house, where the officers played a second game at billiards. After supper, my master proposed a game at chess; the Captain declined playing, having a little head-ach: I observed that during supper time he was very serious. "In that case," said my master, "the Lieutenant will have the complaisance to make one with Astucia, while I go and chat with my mother a little, and see how she finds herself after her merry dinner." I lighted the candles, and having

having arranged the table, I withdrew. The Signor Diego Menezes followed, and when were in the corridor, he clapped me on the shoulder and said, "Cascara, let us go to your room together. I want to talk with you a little, while Don Carlos is engaged with the Signora."

As soon as we were in my room, he desired me to sit down by him, and spoke to me as follows: "Cascara, this Wanderghen is a good for nothing scoundrel, and I would have chastised him with great satisfaction at the library; but that did not suit. Sancha is a respectable man, and it became me to respect his house. It is, however, certain, that this affair has taken an unlucky turn.

While

While they were playing at billiards, I went into the court-yard for a moment, and observed the porter shewing up stairs a man of a very suspicious appearance; upon which I was induced to ask him who he came from; to which he answered, that he came from his master, whose name was Wanderghen; and, mistaking me for Don Carlos, he took a letter from his pocket, which he said he was desired to deliver either to me or to Astucia. I took the letter, and asked if it required an answer. He said that it did not, and immediately went away. In any other circumstances I should certainly never have taken the liberty to open a letter which was not addressed to me; but as in the present, Don Carlos's

los's life appeared likely to be concerned, I have taken upon me to open the letter of this renegade Wanderghen, which I will give over to you, as soon as I have read it."

I beg leave, Signor, to subjoin a copy of this note:

Letter from Solomon Wanderghen to Don Carlos de Massarena.

2 *Sept.* 8 o'Clock, Even.

"AT six o'clock to-morrow evening, I shall expect you in St. Jerome's Field, when we will draw apart to decide our quarrel. As you always march with an escort, you will not take it amiss, that I too should be attended. You had six persons with you yesterday; I will

I will have the same number to-morrow. I shall be furnished with pistols and a sword. If you fail to meet me, I will disgrace you; I will follow you like an evil genius; and, let the consequence be what it may, I will publicly tear your epaulets from your shoulders.

(Signed) WANDERGHEN.

Lieutenant of Infantry."

When Diego Menezes had read this note, which made my blood run cold, he continued: "In the first place, you see that this damned Wanderghen is a downright impostor, who has assumed a false title, for he is no lieutenant of infantry. I know very well that Don Carlos's uncle has promised to procure

him a commission; but, by G—d, it is not possible that it can have been obtained already. If it were, I would quit the service to-morrow. You see, then, that if I chose, I might have the rascal's hand cut off for a forgery; but these are methods I do not approve; I always like to have martial proceedings. Attend then, Cascara; you are attached to your master, and you must now prove your zeal for him. In the first place, remember, that if you say a word of this letter to Don Carlos, or tell him a syllable of our conversation, I will cleave your head in two with my sabre, and that I will shew you no mercy if you do not pay the most implicit obedience to the directions I am now about to give you. To-

morrow

morrow morning, as soon as you have dressed your master, go to his mother's doctor, San Domingo, who lives in the High-street, next to St. Philip's Church, and relate to him the whole adventure: you may do it with safety, for he is a very discrete man. Request him from me, to desire the most skilful surgeon he is acquainted with to dress himself in colours, and not in the habit of his profession; to furnish himself with his tools, and to come to dinner with me. I have no more to say; now Cascara, take the letter, and give it to Don Carlos to-morrow night when he comes home, and not before. I tell you once more, that if through your imprudence, or indiscretion, all this is not as I have planned it,

you are a lost man. I will tell you more, that to-morrow Don Carlos must either chastise this Wanderghen or measure swords with me; there is no middle course; and moreover, that if you do not let me conduct this matter by myself, you may run a great risk; for it is of a more delicate nature than you may perhaps imagine. When Balbuena was leaving the shop, he whispered to me, that all those who surrounded Wanderghen in the shop were cut-throats; and it is therefore very probable, that this shabby scoundrel may be in the field to-morrow with a legion of ruffians. You see then, that by entrusting the affair to my management, you will be relieved from all responsibility; and you may

may rest assured, that whatever may be the event, I will exculpate you in the eyes of every one. Above all, say nothing to that hypocritical dog Astucia; for I shrewdly suspect he is not quite innocent of this transaction. Farewell, Cascara, be wise and prudent; if any mischief happens, it will not be your fault, but mine."

Signor Diego Menezes having spoken thus, left my room and went down stairs. I followed him a few minutes after, greatly alarmed at what he had been telling me. I found him in the parlour with his hands behind him, looking at the lieutenant and Astucia playing. Just as they had finished the game, and I was drawing away the table, my

master returned—"Well! Don Carlos," said the Captain, "How is your mother?"—"She complains less than common, and says, that she owes this amendment to our cheerfulness at dinner."—"That's a remedy which we can easily administer now and then, and one which the doctor will not oppose, though not of his own prescribing. Don Carlos, you must grant me a favour."—"With all my heart."—"I shall stand in need of your carriage to-morrow; endeavour to spare it."—"I can spare it very easily; it shall be entirely at your service. You shall have it by eight o'clock in the morning. Go Cascara, and give orders to this effect."—"I have another favour to ask of you."—"Another favour!—

You

You wish to have the merit then of causing me a good night's rest?"— "The gentlemen, whom you have entertained so nobly to-day, wish to entertain you to-morrow at my house; oblige me then by dining with me to-morrow."— "That will be another holiday for me to-morrow; it is to be hoped, that we shall not meet with so unpleasant a scene as that we have encountered this evening. But in your furnished houses you get bad wine; allow me to send a couple of hampers to you from my cellar?"— "With all my heart; good wine is a thing not to be refused. Adieu, Don Carlos, a good night's rest to you."—"Adieu, Signor, I thank you for inviting me to

be of your party to-morrow; I would fain make one every day."

When the Captain and Lieutenant were gone, I helped my master to undress, and as soon as he was in bed, I went to my own room, and gave vent to the sorrow which I had done my utmost to keep from his observation. I then considered how I ought to act; and I said to myself, that as Signor Diego had undertaken to conduct the adventure, and had forbidden me to interfere, it was my duty to obey, and trust entirely to his prudence, not being sufficiently acquainted with the laws and customs of officers to meddle in an affair which was out of my sphere. I reflected too, that if I apprized my master of it; if I mentioned a word

a word about it to the Signora, his mother, and any evil should happen, every one would lay it at my door, and would say, that it would not have been so if I had kept the secret that was entrusted to me. This last consideration determined me to be silent, but I could not think without the greatest anguish on the morrow; and I should have thought myself happy if my master's enemies would have taken my life instead of attempting his.

After revolving these thoughts in my mind, I charged my pistols and went to bed; but it was impossible for me to sleep. If I did but doze, I was immediately startled by dreadful dreams. I had constantly before my eyes the sight of this

Wanderghen murdering my dear master.

Not being able to sleep, I got up and employed the remainder of the night in writing this letter. I would have waited to have informed you of the issue of this adventure; but as the post goes out to-day, and not again till the 4th, I was fearful lest some one should be beforehand with me, and that you would have to reproach me with not acquainting you so diligently, as you desired me, of what concerns your son.

I will give you a faithful account how this dreadful affair ends. Heaven preserve my kind master's life!—He rings for me to dress him—What a moment! What a day!

LETTER

LETTER II.

The same to the same.

Madrid, 4 *Sept.* 17—

AS soon as I had dressed my master, I ran to Doctor San Domingo, to execute the orders given me by Diego Menezes. I related the whole affair to him; but he, instead of lamenting it, laughed at my fears. He told me that he would give instructions to a surgeon; and added, that if he had not been engaged to pass the whole evening with Signora Massarena, he would have accompanied my master and the Captain to the field of battle.

Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon I went, as my master had de-

sired me, to Diego Menezes, where they were already at dinner, and as merry as on the preceding evening. When dinner was nearly over, Coxon told Menezes that a person was in the parlour who desired to speak with him immediately. Upon which he arose from table; and, as I suspected that Wanderghen was the party, I took the liberty of following him. He observed me just as he was going into the parlour.—"Cascara," said he, "I would lay a wager that this is another message from this rascally Jew.—Come in with me, since you are in the secret, you ought to know as much of it as myself."—It was Balbuena who was in the parlour.—"Captain," said he to Menezes, "I have conceived a great affection

affection for you since yesterday; your free blunt manners have won me, and I come to give you some important intelligence; you may give faith to it, for I deliver it fasting."—"Oh! fasting," said the Captain; "if that be so, your communication must indeed be credible."—"Upon my honour, you may believe me; I have not drank more than three bottles this day."—"You are a perfect model of temperance—but to the point."—"The main point is for Don Carlos to be extremely cautious. A little army will be in waiting for him in St. Jerome's Field. They are the same cut-throats who you saw yesterday, with a reinforcement. Those fellows will murder you with pleasure for a single pistole. I can't imagine

imagine from whence Wanderghen gets these robbers. I only know that he recruits for them in the taverns, and all the gaming and drinking houses that he can discover. Caution Don Carlos not to go to the field by himself this evening, for he would a risk of having his throat cut."—"I am greatly obliged to you for your precaution, Signor Balbuena; come with me into the dining parlour, but don't mention a word of what you have been telling me."——When they entered the dining parlour, the Captain said to the company, "Gentlemen, here is the Signor Balbuena, who is pleased to say, that he has conceived an affection for me since yesterday; give me leave to introduce him to you: he is never

never misplaced when seated at table." —" Welcome, Signor Balbuena," said the company with one accord. " Tell me honestly," resumed the Captain, " have you dined? Speak the truth."— " Then, that is to say," answered Balbuena, " that I have not dined; for as true as I must die, it is a full hour since I left the eating-house, and I have not taken a morsel since." — " Why, you will become an absolute skeleton," said the Captain, " if you fast after this rate. Well! sit down without ceremony; you are come at the end of dinner, but they shall give you a plate of maccaroni, and a ham and chicken, which have not been touched; when you have done with those, you shall have some fruit and ices,

ices, and you shall moisten the whole with some good French wine."

Balbuena did not need much pressing, and he diverted the company greatly by his eccentric manners. On leaving the table he said to Menezes: "Captain I desert; I quit Captain Wanderghen, who is a mere bully, to enter into the service of Captain Diego Menezes, who is a brave man. I will enlist in your company; take me and give me my bounty." "How much do you want?"—"Only six bottles of the same wine with which I have just been regaling myself."—"You must ask the Colonel," said the Captain; "if he does not object, I consent. The wine that you have drank is from his cellar; I have none half so good."

"With

" With all my heart, Balbuena" said my master, " I will pay your bounty when you please. What is to be your station on the day of battle ?"—" At the cantine."

Thus the best part of the afternoon was spent in joking and play; some at backgammon, others at chess, and some at cards. When the clock struck five, I thought my last moment was moment was arrived. " Gentlemen," said the Captain, " we must all take a walk to St. Jerome's Field; I have arranged a match there which is entirely new, and such as our Colonel does not expect. You must go and see it, and there is no time to lose."—" You cannot mean it, Captain," answered my master, " you have chosen a very unlucky time for a party

party at St. Jerome's Field: observe how black the sky looks. I really believe it rains already."

I overheard all this from the anti-chamber where I was posted, close to the parlour door. My master called to me, and asked how the weather was. "It rains in torrents," answered I; "the lightnings flash dreadfully, and the thunder makes a most tremendous noise. It is the most terrible storm I ever saw." To say the truth, Signor, I was ignorant how I had learned all this. "Cascara is mad," said the officers. My master went to the window, and after looking out, he said, "It does not thunder; it is not even too hot; but there is a little rain which falls as gentle as the dew."—

"Well,

"Well, Well," said the Captain, "we are not ladies, that ought not to hinder us, or break up a party of which I am to do the honour. Let us go. In the first place, observe, Signor, that I am to command; it is from me that you are to receive your orders. Come, attention to your commandant; quick march."

We set out; all the gentlemen appeared in high spirits; I was the only one of the party disposed to be serious on this occasion. When we reached the court yard, my master seeing the horses put to the carriage, and the coachman on his box, said to the Captain: "Commandant, is the carriage too to be of the party?"—"Yes, that must follow us."—"Why, it may be of use, to be sure,

to

to those who have fears of being wet." —"Very well!" said the Captain, pointing to the surgeon, who was not known to be one, "then this gentleman in the fine green coat and superb border, who must of course be afraid of its getting wet, has nothing to do but to get in it!" —"And I," said Astucia, "must get in, for I do not approve of an elemental war."—"And I," said Balbuena, in his turn, "must positively get in, for I have an absolute horror at water."

Accordingly the three gentlemen got in, and the carriage followed us. When we arrived at St. Jerome's Field, we found nobody there; and although the rain was, in fact, nothing but small mist, it was too much to make it desirable for any

any one to walk about. "What a solitude!" exclaimed my master. "The parties which you form are not very noisy, however, Commandant. You have absolutely brought us to a desert." —"Patience, patience," said the Captain, looking at his watch, which was some minutes past six, "you will soon see the sportsmen."

In fact, we saw very clearly, at some distance, a gang of men walking in a deliberate pace towards us. On looking at them thoroughly, we could perceive that they wore their hats crossways, and that they had each a long sword under their arms. My master recognized Wanderghen for one of them. "Why, Commandant, 'tis that rogue Wanderghen

who

who is coming to us—this is the party you have formed then? I beg leave to compliment you on your choice. Where are the weapons?"—"In the carriage," answered the Captain, "under the cushions, there are loaded pistols and swords in abundance. You may now make your choice. Come, comrades," added he, "to arms." They immediately ran to the carriage, and each took a brace of pistols and a sword; I held one of my own in each hand, and made a firm stand. "You, Signor," said the Captain, addressing himself to the surgeon, "will please to remain in the carriage, to take care of the equipage. And you, gentlemen," said he to Astucia and Balbuena, "what do you

mean

mean to do?" — "Signor," answered Balbuena, "Astucia and myself are neutral powers." This made my master laugh; and he stood with as much composure as when I dressed him in the morning. The Captain then addressed the Lieutenant: "Lieutenant, you have good eyes, go and reconnoitre a little, and bring us an exact account of the enemy's forces; but beware of surprise. Don't go within pistol shot; keep within gun-shot, and return immediately." The Lieutenant did as he was ordered, and and reported that the enemy consisted of sixteen, including their chief, Wanderghen. "Have they carbines?" demanded the Captain. "I did not see any," answered the Lieutenant. "Sixteen!" replied

replied the Captain, " that is just twice our number, for we must not reckon him who guards the equipage, nor the two neutral powers. Come, friends," continued he, " with sword in hand, and two pistols in your waistcoat pocket, place yourselves in line of battle."

We all stood in a line, except my master and the Captain, who advanced a few paces in front of the centre. When I saw this, I told the Captain that I would not stand in the line, but that I would stand by the side of my master. " Very well!" answered he, " I will promote you to the rank of a general officer. Don Carlos shall stand between you and myself, and you shall have the right if you like; I am not jealous of honours."

honours." I accordingly placed myself by my master's side:—"But, Cascara," said he to me, "you come too close; do like our commandant, stand at two feet distance, that my motions may be free." When the enemy got within forty paces of us, they began howling most hideously, and Wanderghen made a sign to them to halt and be silent. He then advanced a few steps by himself, and cried out to us to send Don Carlos with two seconds; that he would advance with two of his companions, and that they should both take their ground at the distance of twenty-five paces from the remainder of the company. We accepted the conditions; we caused our small force to retreat, and we had a parley

with Wanderghen, who came up between two men, whose swords were at least four feet long; in addition to which they had each a girdle furnished with four pistols. My master spoke first:—"What is all this," said he, "Signor Wanderghen? Is this war-time, that you appear thus at the head of your army? Or have you obtained the privilege of marching always with a guard?"—"You have adopted such precautions as you thought proper, and I have taken mine. You were attended by your forces yesterday; to-day it is my turn."—"It can never be your turn to come two against one."—"What do you call two against one? We are sixteen on our side;—you have eight in sight, and how many lie in

in ambush in the carriage?"—"Three. But you make a wrong calculation; neither those three nor the eight have any design of proceeding to hostilities."—"Three in the carriage, and that coachman, or pretended coachman on the box, make twelve. Twelve to sixteen, the odds are not so great; and you will be pleased to remember, that I don't know what set of weapons you may have concealed in the carriage; besides, we are only here to parley, and the number is foreign to the business; for if we cannot come to an understanding, we shall fight singly, and those who accompany us will only be passive spectators of the action."—"What do you mean by *if we do not come to an understanding?*"

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—" I mean, that if you think proper to apologize for your outrageous behaviour towards me yesterday, and give me your word of honour that you will use all your power to get me the lieutenancy in your regiment—I mean, I say, that on these conditions this shall go no farther, and we will part good friends. '—" I your friend! Ah, Wanderghen, you blaspheme."—" Well then, Signor, let us begin."—" And pray who are you, sir, that I should do you the honour to contend with you?"—" I am an officer like yourself; I am lieutenant of infantry."—" You lieutenant of infantry! 'tis false, sir; and you insult the Spanish infantry by the assertion. Can you show me your commission?"—" I can shew you

you its equivalent; a letter from your own uncle, which you cannot deny, assuring me that my commission is obtained, and that I shall enter what regiment I please, if you refuse me admission into yours."—"You have put a gross imposition on my uncle; and if you have been base enough to cheat him out of a promise, it is an additional crime, which merits chastisement from me."—"What do you call chastisement?"—"Yes, wretch, chastisement; no one fights with a creature like you; they chastise, and I will do it in such a manner that you shall retain a long and perfect recollection of it. I am certainly very far from considering this as a duel; it is, on your part, a trick worthy an assassin. Come, quick,

guard yourself; but first be pleased to strip: with people of your description one cannot be too cautious."

Wanderghen foamed with rage. He undressed himself as well as my master; and exhibiting his breast bare, he looked at our party, and afterwards turning towards his own, he cried out, "I call on you all to witness that I have no covering or protection!" He required my master to do the same, and both were prepared to measure swords, when the Captain said, "Stop one moment, gentlemen; I shall go to Wanderghen's gang, to see that none of them interfere in the combat. If Wanderghen chooses, he may send some one to our gentlemen for the same purpose." This was accordingly

cordingly agreed to, and we left Wanderghen and my master face to face.

I observed that Wanderghen made his thrusts with great expertness. My master appeared to me to do nothing but parry; he did not stir from his place; he neither advanced nor retreated a single inch. They fought in this manner for about ten minutes, when, all on a sudden, my master cried out in a voice that made Wanderghen tremble, "Now for my turn! take care of thyself, thou wretch!" And so saying, he pressed very hard upon his adversary, who defended himself in an astonishing manner, and fought retreating as fast as he could, so that he began to leave us at a distance, and to get very near to his crew, which

was perhaps his plan. In playing this game his left foot slipped, which was not at all suprising, on account of the ground having been rendered extremely greasy by the rain. He fell upon his right knee, endeavouring to support himself with his left hand, and in putting it to the ground, he splashed up such a quantity of mud that his whole person was covered, which gave him a most frightful appearance, and caused every body to laugh. "Any other person in my place," said my master to him, "might perhaps have profited by this opportunity to chastise your presumption, telling you that such insolent fellows as yourself ought to be sure of their legs; but I will not take this advantage; so

get

get up again."—" Why don't you help me?" muttered Wanderghen.—" You are too dirty for me to touch you," answered my master; " do as well as you can, and return to the spot from whence I have driven you "

Wanderghen having regained his feet, cried out that he would defer the combat till the next day, and that he would then engage with pistols.—" No, no," said the Captain immediately," the wine is drawn and must be drank."—" Yes, yes," cried all who were of our party.—" What say my comrades," demanded Wanderghen, turning towards them. The Captain, who kept his eyes constantly fixed on them, with a pistol in one hand and a sword in the other, an-

swered for them :—" They say that you came to fight, and fight you must."—" Well, be it so!" exclaimed Wanderghen, with an oath too dreadful to repeat, " I will fight, and I will kill." As he said this, he ran at my master like a madman, who parried his thrust, and wounded him so deeply in the right-arm, that his sword went completely through. Wanderghen uttered a dreadful cry, let go his sword, and called to his friends to help him, for he was a dying man. His comrades immediately ran towards my master, as did the Captain; desiring us to take care of Don Carlos. We were with him presently; he threw down his sword and asked for a pistol, which I gave him. I wished to

get

get before him, and our small party wanted to surround him; but he kept us off with his elbows, and stamping with his feet, said to us, "For God's sake let us have no confusion; get behind, and leave me to myself." When the enemy were within ten paces of us they each fired a pistol at us and took to their heels. A ball passed by the side of my ear so near, that a part of the wadding singed one of my curls, it then grazed my master's breast, which was still bare, without doing him any further injury than causing a slight contusion. We then went in pursuit of the fugitives. My master ran faster than any of us. The Captain, who was next to my master, fired a pistol, and immediately one

of the wretches cried out that he was mortally wounded, and the others ran faster than ever. My master went up to the wounded man, and dragged him toward us, saying, "Let us leave that rascally rabble, and content ourselves with this prisoner of war. These are indeed most valiant heroes, to leave their poor General stretched in the field of battle; let us go and help him." When Wanderghen saw us, he begged us to have pity on him, and either relieve or kill him. The Captain gave a signal for the carriage to advance. "Good God!" said my master, "the man seems grievously wounded; it was far from my design to have done him such an injury. What can we do?—If there were a surgeon

geon---" "There is one," answered the Captain, "in this carriage." — "Ah! ah!" said my master, "I see, Captain, you have made all due provision. You are the best man in the world to cater for a feast." As soon as the surgeon had alighted from the carriage, he examined my master's breast, and found nothing but a scratch, which he said would not be visible the next day; and telling him what measures to take with it, he proceeded to Wanderghen; and having examined his wound, he pronounced it a very dangerous one; adding, that he should be able to give us a more decisive account in the course of the night.

We then helped Wanderghen up, and supported

supported him while the surgeon dressed the wound. When he had done, he told my master that Wanderghen was not in a condition to walk, for that he would faint at every step, and would perhaps be wholly unable to proceed. "Very well," said my master, "then get you into the carriage with him, and we will go a-foot; take the greatest care of him I entreat you." On getting into the carriage, Wanderghen recognized Balbuena, who assisted in seating him, "Is it you, Balbuena," said he; "what do you do here? Whose cause did you espouse?"—"I was a neutral power, and I now offer my mediation to the belligerent ones."—"No, no," said the desperate Wanderghen; "no mediation; war,

war, eternal war! so the fates have decreed."

When Wanderghen was safely disposed of in the carriage, the surgeon came to our prisoner of war. He washed his face, which was covered with blood, and having examined all parts of his head, he found that he had only lost the end of his right ear, and said that he was perfectly able to go after his comrades on foot, if we were disposed to grant him his liberty; which the Captain said he would assent to on condition that he gave the end of his other ear for his ransom. In saying which, he took his knife out of his pocket, and I really believe he would have proceeded to take it, if my master had not opposed it, and remonstrated

remonstrated against shedding blood when the victory was obtained. " At all events," said the Captain, " let us make the fellow confess the price of his hire for falling on us." Whereupon the man immediately took a paper from his pocket containing three piastres, which he said was the sum they had all received from Wanderghen, for going to battle. He told us further, that their orders were to remain quiet in case Don Carlos should be overcome; but that if Wanderghen should be wounded, they were to surround Don Carlos and kill him.

" I am of opinion," said the Captain, " that we ought to make this fellow write and sign his deposition, to be witnessed by

by all present."—"No, no," said my master, "that will only retard the assistance which Wanderghen requires. Let him go. This pretended battle is too pitiful for us to take any pains to remember it." The man was accordingly set at liberty, after begging pardon, and professing penitence for having acted so vile a part.

When we returned home, my master related the adventure to the Signora his mother, who expressed great joy at the happy issue of it, and censured Astucia severely for not having prevented it; as she said, he must have known of it in sufficient time, from its having began the preceding day at Sancha's. Astucia defended himself by insisting, that when the

the quarrel was once begun, Don Carlos could not do otherwise, lest he should be branded with the appellation of coward.—" It becomes you, truly," said the Signora, " to make application of the term, and to judge of bravery: if Don Carlos was insulted, was it for him to usurp the power of justice? Are there not laws and tribunals to protect us against injury and insolence. Have you forgotten what Don Pedro has so often said, that when Don Carlos entered the service he pledged his blood to his country? A noble honour he would have derived from your refined notions of cowardice and valour, if he had been killed by any of these assassins."—" Madam, he could not have been killed;

led; I had taken care to"---" You had taken care! You foresaw, then?—Pray, Astucia, let us talk no more of that, or you will enrage me beyond measure. I am not well enough to argue with you, but I must take the liberty to tell you that your logic is detestable, and I am greatly afraid your morals are not much sounder. I shall not fail to make Don Pedro and my brother acquainted with this transaction, and your profound arguments in justification of it."—— " Don Juan, who knows the purity of my sentiments and maxims, will do me more justice than Don Pedro."—" Hold, Astucia, hold; your purity disorders my whole nervous system; I am in a state of sufferance that will not admit of my disputing

disputing any longer."——The Signora then thanked the officers for their care and attention towards her son, and took leave of them.

Just as the officers had finished supper the surgeon arrived and gave the following account: "The wounded man is in a dreadful state; not, as I said, that the wound is in itself mortal, but his blood is in a corrupt state; and if the inflammation should increase, I should be apprehensive of mortification taking place. It is pretty certain that he will not die, but he will never be able to fight again; for he will always be lame in the right arm. The sword has torn one of the tendons. He may, perhaps, be able to use his hand for any purpose that

that does not require strength, but there will always be a great weakness in his arm."—" So much the worse," said my master, " but my conscience is clear I did not seek such a catastrophe, and I am at a loss to conceive how he can be wounded so dangerously; for I endeavoured all along to stand on the defensive." — " Now," added the surgeon, " my office is at an end. When I dressed his wound the second time, he told me he should procure a surgeon of his own acquaintance; and that I must apply for payment to those who sent me."

Thus, Signor, ended an adventure which caused me the most cruel sufferings, and threatened such danger to my master's life. I told him when I gave him

him the challenge, which I had received from Menezes on the preceding evening, that I should have the honour to write you an account of it, and he was pleased to say, that he should trust to me to give a true statement by which you might be satisfactorily convinced, that it was not in his power to have done better.

LETTER III.

Don Carlos de Massarena to his Father.

Madrid, 5 *Sept.* 17—

IT was not till the morning of the 3d, Signor, and ever-honoured father, that I could obtain an interview with Sancha. I gave your letter without preamble,

amble, which he read three times over with evident signs of emotion. He afterwards asked me, if I were not desired to urge his compliance towards the contents of the letter; to which I answered, that my only instructions were to pledge myself to the most religious secrecy on any communication which he might do me the honour to confide to me. "These persons," said he, "are very miserable; and it is said, with great truth, that Fortune seldom attends on merit. Why should Don Pedro be desirous of knowing them? Cannot he let them rest? What connection exists between them and him, or between him and me? What authority has he over me? And who can oblige me to reveal what

what I desire to keep secret?"—I represented to him that this was no answer, and that I begged him to give me one. —"Again," continued he, "if Don Pedro had asked it with civility;....but he seems to threaten me. And of what will he cause me to repent? For having been faithful to my trust, and kept a secret which has been confided to me? But, in that case, he would have the greater reason to repent, for the wrong would be on his side."—"Listen, Sancha," said I to him, "and do not let us grow warm. Will you allow me to read my father's letter?" He gave it me without hesitation, and after reading it with due attention, I addressed him thus: "It appears to me, that you have read this letter under

under the influence of prejudice; I can see nothing menacing in it, nor any thing which tends in the least to affect any designs which you may have formed with respect to Miss Josephine and her aunt, all which I hope to demonstrate to you, if you will but deign to listen to me a few minutes with becoming patience."—"What have I to do," replied he in a rage, "with demonstrations? I must tell you freely, that your conduct is far from liberal. Recollect the promise you made me at Seville. You promised me there that you would speak of Miss Josephine no more. You do not break your word; but you write to your father to clap a pistol to my breast, and force me to tell you who she is. Is this

fair dealing? No; it is sporting with your own word, and mocking and insulting me. Why do I find you so earnest in the pursuit of Miss Josephine? What should you, Signor, what should you in particular want with her? What construction can I put upon your importunity? How am I to interpret the uncommon interest which you manifest to know this young woman? Is it my secret you would have? Be it so; here it is. I am the godfather of Miss Josephine, and have over her the authority of a father. She shall see nobody; she shall listen to no proposals but with my consent. In telling you this, I perhaps tell you more than I strictly ought to do."

Sancha

Sancha was truly in a rage; I let him indulge it without interruption, and when it was a little subsided, I replied—"Sancha, you have brought a heavy charge against me, and ought now to listen to my defence. I have a right to your attention, and must have it. Let us then argue the point with becoming temperance. Is it not true, that you take a lively interest in the fate of Miss Josephine and her aunt?"—"I do; a great one."—"For which you have your reasons?"—"Certainly."—"Very well; my father also takes an interest in your god-daughter, and no earthly power can prevent him: you have your reasons; he too has his. It is possible to feel interested for a person without being their god-

father. Who can affirm that these reasons are not as potent as yours? You cannot maintain the negative; because you are not acquainted with them; but justice as well as courtesy should teach you to think that they are good and powerful reasons. Now, Sancha, according to this mode of argument, which appears to me incontrovertible, it is evident, that if my father has good reason to be interested for Miss Josephine, he must necessarily want to know who and what she is. He has two ways of gaining this intelligence; one of which is by means of your communication. If instead of applying to you, he had preferred the other method, then you might perhaps have had cause to consider

sider his proceedings somewhat exceptionable. But when he makes a direct application to you, when he employs no other person between you but myself, how can you be displeased by his adopting a method which appears to me to be marked by consideration and respect? If you do not think so, tell me how you would have had him act?

"Let us suppose now, that you persist in your silence, and that by your obstinacy my father is obliged to have recourse to the other way, you must see that such recourse cannot be had without prejudice both to you and your goddaughter. It is not possible that Miss Josephine and her aunt have left you in ignorance of the adventure at St. Ilde-

phonso. You are not then, we find, the only one who knows those persons; they are known also to the ministers, and on application to them, my father can know them likewise. But, considering the bad opinion which they entertain of these persons, is it not much more to their interest, that he should not by his inquiries direct their attention to an affair which it is evident they are anxious to conceal? If they did not dread discovery, why all this mystery? why this obstinate perseverance to remain in obscurity?"

"Signor," said Sancha to me, "those people can possess a very small portion of charity or candour, who have a bad opinion of Miss Josephine and her aunt. They

They are indeed extremely wretched, but their virtue equals their misfortune." —" That," replied I, " is not the question. You must be aware, that after the affair which took place at St. Ildephonso, appearances are strongly against them ; and that my father, who does not, like you, know the particulars of this affair, must naturally conclude that it is connected with your peace and safety, as well as your god-daughter's; and, under these circumstances, he has requested the information of you, and not of the ministers.

" Be candid then, Sancha, and confess that you have nothing to object to what I have now been saying. I now proceed to the object of my visit, and

wish to know whether you will, or will not, give my father the satisfaction he requires of you?" — "I will not." — "You fear then, that he may abuse your confidence? And still his character does not admit of such a thought. At all events, tell me your motive for this determination."—"They who entrusted the secret to me, did not desire me to impart it to your father — that is my motive for being silent." —"You will oblige him, then, to address his request to the ministers?" —"It will be very unpleasant to me that he should pursue such means, but I cannot help it; and whatever evil may result from it, I shall at least be free from the reproach of having betrayed the

the secret."—" This then," said I, " is your determination; you persist in keeping silence. I have now one observation to make, by which I propose to end the conversation; but it is of the greatest importance, and I therefore pray that you will not lose a word of it. Your secret, Sancha, is the secret of a play. The ministers are in possession of it; and who can say but that their clerks, and under-clerks, have it likewise? Nay, more, if you please; I will bet one hundred pistoles to ten, that Wanderghen, who is not dead, and who breathes nothing but malevolence, knows almost as much as yourself about them. I conjecture so, from what has been told me by Balbuena, and certain words which have

escaped Astucia. If Wanderghen be informed of it, how many others will he not admit to his confidence? There is one truth established then, which is, that this secret, which you hold fast so scrupulously, is no secret, since it is known perhaps to more people than we could readily reckon.

"The second truth is a grand and dreadful one: I see your god-daughter and her aunt encompassed by foes; some of whom are very powerful, some very dexterous, and wholly given up to intrigue. Who have they to protect them? You, and you only. If you are satisfied, Sancha, that your protection alone will suffice to secure them from the power of the former, and the malice of the latter,

latter, I have no more to say; but if you are not satisfied of this; if to secure the happiness of your god-daughter you stand in need of protectors, at once zealous and capable, I offer you my father and myself. I am young, 'tis true; her beauty and her amiable manners have attracted my notice; but have no distrust of me. From the moment you commit her happiness to Don Carlos, Don Carlos will adopt her for his sister."

At these words, Sancha took out his handkerchief and wiped away some tears which fell from his eyes.—"You touch me sensibly," said he, "and I must declare that your generous conduct has inspired me with a confidence and esteem which can-

not be equalled."—While he was speaking, we were interrupted: Doctor San Domingo, who had just come down stairs from Sancha's shopman, named Ambrose, who had been labouring for some days under a violent fever, which the Doctor told us was considerably abated, and that he considered him out of danger.—"But, Doctor," said I to him, "you are physician to all Madrid?"—"Not to my friend Sancha," answered he, "for he never will be sick; but he is very right, and I cannot blame him. You see that friendship has more sway with me than interest; for it would suit me much better to pay for Sancha's books in visits than in money."—"Jesting apart," said Sancha.—"Doctor, I have

have to consult you on an affair of great importance."

Sancha then related to him the subject of our conversation, and asked him for his advice. When the Doctor had heard him out, he took him by the hand, and, having asked my permission, led him to the next room. They returned some minutes after, and the Doctor, who held your letter in his hand, spoke thus :—

" I am now serious, Don Carlos, because the affair is of a serious nature. I am physician to Miss Josephine's aunt, and I have seen her, for some time past, every day, because she is sick. I never mentioned this acquaintance, nor these visits, to you ; because, as a physician, I have

have eyes which do not see, and ears which do not hear. Now, that I am authorised to tell you of it, I do so. I have just confirmed my friend Sancha in the opinion, which he no doubt had before, that probity and delicacy are as natural to the members of your family, as it is for a fig-tree to bear figs; in consequence of this conviction, my friend Sancha chearfully consents to satisfy you upon the points mentioned in your father's letter. Let us read :—" I wish to know the *names, residence, and condition of these persons.*"—" Very well: the name of the aunt is Charlotte Roidera; that of the niece, Josephine Roidera; their residence is in the street of Bahutiers, at Signor Alvaradez, the perfumer's, the sign

sign of the *Silver Lion*, up three-pair-of-stairs; and their condition is that of sempstresses. My friend, Sancha, is not content with giving you these particulars; he accepts the offer of your protection towards these ladies, and what is still better, he invites you to go and see them. I will apprize them of your intended visit; I will ask their consent, and let you know their answer; we will fix a day to go together; and the sooner the better. You will be alone with me, and we will there deliberate on the measures most likely to ensure their tranquillity. I have fears of this Wanderghen, who, though stretched upon his bed, I strongly suspect has set his engines at work"—"How is he?" said Sancha.—"I saw

"I saw his surgeon last night," answered the Doctor;" he has not much hopes of him; he says, that if he survives, his recovery must inevitably be very slow; and that he will be lame in the arm for the remainder of his life. There is really no harm in having given him this lesson, and it would be well if all such bullies were disabled in like manner. We should get less money, but it would be of great service to humanity. For my own part," said Sancha, "I have seemed to dwell in Paridise since my shop has been free from this wicked abandoned fellow."

Having nothing further to say, we took our leave, perfectly satisfied with each other. I hope, Signor, and ever honoured

honoured father, that you will not be less so with the confidence which Sancha has been pleased to place in me. I flatter myself also, that after the account rendered you by Cascara, of my adventure with Wanderghen, you will find nothing reprehensible in my conduct on this occasion. I wish Texado may be of the same opinion. The friendship which has for some time existed between him and Wanderghen, adds considerably to my regret for the latter's misfortune. I would have given the world, were it mine, that this affair had not taken place. Texado knows me too well, not to be persuaded that I could not do better, and that my forbearance towards his insolence, which gave rise to the event, could

could not go further. I shall inform my friend without delay of what passes on my interview with Josephine.'

LETTER IV.

Moses Wanderghen to his Son.

Buen Retiro, *6 Sept.* 17—

IT is really true then, Solomon, that you have been fighting a duel with the son of the Ambassador. I would not believe a word of it; but the letter which your servant wrote me confirms this news which has been so much talked of. I should have rejoiced at it exceedingly if you had not been wounded. Take great care of your health, my son; ask me for whatever you want, and I will

will send it to you. But when you are once cured, never do so again. You thought yourself sure of your arms, but you see you have found your master. You always said that the fencing practised among the troops was not to be compared to that taught in the schools. But do not trust to it any more; neither the one nor the other can do you any service. Think, my dear child, that I have only you; and, if I should lose you, it would be to no purpose, as you say, that I have heaped up my riches.

They press me very much to conclude the purchase of the marquisate; you must, therefore, get Astucia to speak to Don Juan for this licence; without which

we

we can do nothing sure. Don't let Astucia rest till the business is finished.

I see nothing of your lieutenant's commission. If it is true that they have obtained it for you, why do not they send it? I don't understand these delays. I cannot express how impatient I am to see you a lieutenant and a marquis; and I cannot help thinking that you ought to have been both before this. Is it money that you want? Tell me; I will not be sparing of it; or if you must give feasts and wine, I will consent to pay for them. I cannot speak fairer; and when people have money at their command, as you have, there should be neither refusal nor obstacles.

Although your wound may not be dangerous,

dangerous, you must not leave your room till you are perfectly recovered. Always take care of yourself in future, and above all never fight again. These officers have seen that you are not a coward, and that should content you.

Farewell, my dear Solomon; pray come and see me as soon as you are well. I will give you a hundred ducats for pocket-money.

I cannot conclude without acquainting you, that your two works are very much exclaimed against. Take care what you write; I have bestowed a good education on you, but do not make a bad use of it. Keep well with Don Juan; money and patronage will stand against every thing.

LETTER

LETTER V.

Inigo Astucia to Solomon Wanderghen.

7 Sept. 17—

I REGRET most sincerely the accident which has befallen you, my dear Wanderghen. I could not have supposed that the affair could have taken such a turn: for, from what you had told me, I thought you were a perfect master of the art. But let us speak no more of it. That you may speedily recover is the sincere desire of your good and faithful friend Astucia.

I must, however, tell you, that I had great fears the crowd you brought with you to the field of battle, might have a bad appearance in the eyes of Don Juan

de

de Spinoletto, and that he might feel some displeasure at it; but I flatter myself, that the style in which I have written to him on the subject, will counteract any unfavourable impression. Do all you can to get cured, and come amongst us again.

Your adventure with Don Carlos is variously talked of here: I was told that they had made a foul report of you to the Corregidor, and that he designed to issue a warrant against you. I was too quick for him; I dispatched an express to Don Juan, desiring him to put a stop to any prosecution which I have no doubt he has done.

I was also informed, that the Inquisition

tion was about to condemn one of your works, and to pronounce judgment on the author. I accordingly wrote again to Don Juan for his interference; and, I dare say, you may consider yourself as secure on this second point, as on the first.

You see, my dear Wanderghen, that I omit no opportunity of giving you a proof of my zeal and friendship.

Meritrica came to see me yesterday, according to your desire. Her appearance was so genteel, and she was dressed with so much propriety, that every body in the house took her for a lady of quality, particularly from her coming with a very neat equipage. I agreed to give her a thousand piastres to manage the

the affair. She declared, that if it were not for your recommendation, she could not take so little. The sum, however, appears to me to be sufficient, though I must allow, on the other hand, that the thing has its difficulties; and that ladies are not always to be stolen without inconvenience. She said that she must have fifty piastres in advance, and your note for the remainder, payable a fortnight after the affair is completed. I accordingly gave her the fifty piastres; and as for the note, I told her that you were wounded in the arm, and therefore could not give her one;—upon which she asked me for mine, which I gave her without the least hesitation,

knowing that Don Juan will have none to reimburse me with interest.

Meretrica spoke very handsomely of you; she assured me, that she never knew a person of rank who paid so generously as yourself; so that, she said, to ask her a service in your name, was to make a powerful appeal to her feelings.

Thus then, my friend, our ends will soon be answered. You will be most thoroughly revenged on little Texado, and Don Juan's favours will be showered upon your head and mine. Texado will be free to seek some other lady to employ his thoughts. Don Carlos will indeed be a little ashamed at having been this same lady's champion; but he is in

want

want of a few lessons of this kind; and, as his tutor, 'tis my duty to give them. I do not come to see you for three reasons: the first, because it must not be observed, that there are any dealings between us; the second is, that owing to a lecture given to me by the vapourish Signora, I am obliged to appear assiduous towards her dear son; and the third is, that I must not be from home, in order that Meretrica may know where to find me when she has taken the sweet bird in her net.

Adieu, Wanderghen; strive at your recovery, which no one desires more ardently than myself.

LETTER VI.

Solomon Wanderghen to Inigo Astucia.

8 *Sept.* 17—

ACCEPT this writing of my faithful servant Aaron as that of your friend Wanderghen. His hand will perform the office which mine at present refuses. He is my chief monitor, the guardian of my thoughts, and I now make him the interpreter of my feelings.

Your letter, my dear Astucia, has poured a salutary balm into my wound; and two or three more such would render my cure complete. It is said that Spaniards are vindictive: I am then a true Spaniard, for vengeance is my delight

light. Of all the various passions which reign in the heart of man, none can more fiercely than thirst of vengeance does in mine. I would sacrifice to it pleasure, interest, tranquillity, fortune, health; all that is grateful to mankind. Ah! howshall we laugh at this litttle Texado and the heroic Don Carlos! And the little Josephine too; do you suppose that I bear no grudge towards her? Yes, I do. She has left one of my letters unanswered, and refused a collation at my little garden; she must pay the forfeit for such unseemly conduct towards me. Ah! send Meretrica to me quickly, and let me embrace her; my esteem for her exceeds all measure.

Attend, Astucia; receive the fruits of my contemplation.

Stretched upon this bed of honour, do you imagine that Wanderghen vegitates inactive? Do you think that Wanderghen is a prey to sloth? No: he meditates. On what? Vengeance, nothing but vengeance. Don Carlos is ever with Texado's mother. Don Carlos has his motives then for these daily visits. I surprised him talking in most complacent terms with Isabella, and lavishing abundant compliments on the manner in which she dressed. Don Carlos, then, is amorous of Isabella. I surprised Isabella glancing at him looks of much affection. Isabella then is amorous of Don Carlos. This reasoning is not to be opposed;

and

and thus is explained Don Carlos's surprising assiduity at the house of Texado's mother. I challenge you to account for it in any other way.

Isabella, it is true, is neither beautiful nor pretty; her large eyes are void of expression, but they are still large; her open mouth gives her a stupid look, but her teeth are far from bad; her shape does not resemble the shape of a nymph, but her *embonpoint* is not displeasing, particularly as all must allow that her skin is extremely delicate. From all this I conclude that one may, without incurring imputation of depravity of taste, have a fancy for Isabella. Why should not Don Carlos have such fancy? I have, I confess; and thus we become rivals.

According

According, then, to all these thoughts, which employ my imagination during my body's sloth, I form a new intrigue, of which I will set the wheels at work as soon as the faintest ray of convalescence beams upon me, and in which I will involve Don Carlos and the whole Texado race.

A thousand thanks for your kind endeavours to preserve me safe from the claws of the tigers that are raging against me. It is the fate of great men to be persecuted. My duel with Don Carlos proves that I am no coward; and my writings are not without genius. What can I desire more? How many at my age, would give up the remainder of their days to be thus encircled with the laurels of

Mars

Mars and Apollo. Is it then to be wondered at, that in acquiring such renown, I should make the envious roar? Let them roar on! My pen shall confound some, and my sword shall make me formidable to others. Adieu! Austicia, I am thine forever: let all your letters contain as welcome news as that which I have now had the pleasure to answer.

LETTER VII.

Don Juan de Spinoletto to Inigo Astucia.

Aranjuez, 5 *Sept.* 17—

EXECRABLE wretch! thou infernal piece of machinery! what hast thou done? Is it thus you fulfil my wishes? I wanted a fair and open duel between com-

rade and comrade, and you have exposed Don Carlos to be treacherously murdered. You have set on a band of ruffians to destroy him. The account you have given me is false. I am more inclined to believe Don Carlos's comrades, and the public voice, than you. One more enterprise like this, and I give you up to Don Pedro.

Knowest thou, wicked one, that the corregidor was about to interfere in the matter, and that nothing but my earnest entreaties prevailed on him to desist? Knowest thou that Wanderghen's wound may perhaps prove fatal to him? and knowest thou, that thou, abominable contriver, would be implicated in the business? Fall prostrate at my feet, then,

and

and bless my unbounded goodness, which has delivered you from such accumulated dangers.

It is very true that the inquisitors were about to molest Wanderghen; and, but for me, but for the letter I wrote to them, Wanderghen must have fallen within their gripe.

My bounty did not stop there; I have obtained for Wanderghen, as he desired, his admission in *la societad de los amicos del Pays*. He may prepare his speech to deliver on his reception. His wound will allow him ample time to prepare a flourishing one.

But, do not deceive yourself, Astucia; it is not to please you that I have rendered Wanderghen all these services, but

for the sake of the little Settenilla, who is strongly attached to him, and very kind towards me; but she will not last for ever; proceed, therefore, to perform the noble promise which you gave me a tedious time since.

Pray, my dear Astucia, my good friend Astucia, let me behold this Spanish wonder. You are indeed a heavenly man, and have not your equal; rely, therefore, upon my fullest grati tude I will repay a hundred fold the pleasure you will procure me; you and Wanderghen shall have all you can wish for: all that you can ask of me I will grant. But this is on condition that I am satisfied, till when I suspend the performance of my promises, for it is not for me, you know,

know, to pay beforehand. When you have kept your word with me, I will send you to Smyrna, and get Wanderghen a commission in the lifeguards, since Don Carlos will not have him : I will send him too a regular licence for the purchase of the marquisate of Rio Bello, which is a very fine estate ; I know it from having hunted there. You have now wherewith to excite the emulation of both ; let me see your talents at execution.

I believe Wanderghen is more clever than you. You could never keep Don Carlos from the Texado dunghill : Wanderghen has promised me, that in a few days the woman's door shall be shut against him ; and I doubt not but he will keep his word to your disgrace, who could never reach this exploit.

But,

But my dear friend Astucia, I forget all; I will not quarrel with you; I love you cordially, and I shall esteem you an inestimable man if you do as I wish: Then you shall find that I am a good friend, and a warm patron.

LETTER VIII.

Fernando Texado to Solomon Wanderghen.

Naples, 11 *Sept.* 17—

YOU are affronted without reason, my dear Wanderghen. Your lieutenancy was not in my gift; I acted towards you as I ought, and as you would yourself have done in my place. If you view the thing falsely, it is not my fault.

I have

I have now to request that you will think more reasonably; and I would fain believe that your extravagant letter was written in a moment of displeasure, originating from your disappointment, and that reflection had no share in it. If, however, you are resolved to forget me, I cannot help it, but I shall still remember that you were once my friend, and that remembrance will prompt me on all occasions, when I can consistently, to serve you.

The ambassador informs me that Don Carlos has, or will pay you the fifty piastres which I am indebted to you. I am ashamed at having been your debtor so long; but it is a shame which I never expected to have been put to. You must

must admit that your notions of friendship are very singular. Two men are not friends because they grant every thing to each other, but because the desires, the sympathetic affections, which bring them together, are in unison with propriety, justice, and reason.

Adieu, Wanderghen! if you will return, my arms are open to receive you; if you will not, I must bear the loss of you with what philosophy I can.

P. S. As I was about to seal my letter, I received one from Madrid, by which I learn that you have just published two works, which were written and printed at the time when you were pleased to call yourself my friend, and when your manners and conduct bore the appearance of one.

one. I am told, that in these two works you draw a portrait of Don Carlos and myself, which is both false and malicious. Good Heavens, Wanderghen! You are surely a prophet, or more than a prophet. In writing this double satire, you must have read in the page of future events that you would one day think proper to ask for a lieutenancy, and that I should refuse to support your request.

I forgive you as far as it concerns myself; but for what relates to Don Carlos I cannot forgive you. I shall not die at Naples; I shall return one day to Madrid, and shall meet you there.

Wanderghen, poor Wanderghen, your head is grievously diseased; if your heart be so affected, expect nothing in this world but contempt and infamy.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

The same to Don Carlos de Massarena.

Naples, 11 *Sept.* 17—

SINCE my good little Rosolia is allowed to see and converse with you, my dearest friend, let this letter be common between you. But what do I say! You will see this dear girl no more! What is the matter? In the name of G— what is the matter with you, Don Carlos? Can you have any cause of complaint against the family? Have you against me? Ah, speak! request; demand: Do with me what you please; I am devoted to your service. However hard the proof may be to which you put me, I will submit to it, joyfully sumbit to it,

it, to regain your confidence and friendship. But no, it is impossible; you cannot hate me, for your heart is not susceptible of hatred. No, no; you will not persist in your cruel resolution; you will see my Rosolia again; you would not grieve her I am certain. How could you ever have the heart to cause her a moment's disquietude? She is an angel; she is all candour and innocence. She will think that you are displeased with her; her delicate feelings will be wounded by the thought, and you will condemn her and myself to the most piercing sorrows.

Come, Don Carlos, promise me to see her again. If, however, your happiness demands that you should not see her more,

more, I will not urge it; I reverence your motives, but I complain at your want of confidence in me, which keeps me a stranger to them. If, then, you should maintain your strange resolution, I must be content to request that when you have perused this letter, you will cause it to be conveyed to my dear sister.

I shall say nothing of Wanderghen; if you were to read the letter which this madman has written me, you would scarcely believe your sight. Let us, as you say, consign him to contempt and oblivion, and do not you degrade yourself by seeking any explanation with him.

I have now to talk of an affair by far more interesting, by far more serious than the foolish insult of Wanderghen's.

This

This hermit, of whom I said a word in my last letter . . . this hermit, whom I saw in my dream . . . What a history! Where shall I begin it?

You must have read of Mount Pausilippo, in the vicinity of Naples. The tomb of Sannazar, which is at the top of the mountain, in the church of the Servites; its proximity to the tomb of Virgil, as also to Solfatura, and the cave which is called the *grotte aux chieux*; the smoke and flames vomited by Mount Vesuvius; the prospect of the sea, the view of Naples, and several distant isles; altogether render this mountain and its environs most enchanting; a picture, with the sight of which the eye can never be satiated. You know that I am very partial

tial to walking. The first time I directed my steps towards the summit of this mountain, I stood motionless in admiration; I could with difficulty prevail on myself to leave it; and I resolved to pay frequent visits there, and to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the country round about it, which I have never since failed to do whenever my occupations would allow me. I wander about at random, without taking any direct path, and I think on Josephine, on you, on Rosolia, and on all who have a place in my affections. Solitude is a balm to my soul. When alone, amidst the fields of an open country, I feel free and unconstrained, and my mind is somewhat relieved, and more at rest. The beautiful

serenity

serenity of the sky, the richness of the soil, and refreshing perfume of the plants, the tuneful notes of the birds, the gentle murmurs of the rivulets, and the more awful noise of the water-falls, have all influence over my soul, and place it in a condition peaceful and calm, in which I would fain preserve it always. In contemplating the unbounded and noble beneficence with which the Creator has dispersed his favours to mankind, I become more sensible, and more disposed to benevolence. And when I am forced to fly from these sweet sensations, when the approach of night warms me that it is time to regain the city, my heart swells in spite of me; I sigh and grieve as a slave that is brought back to his toil.

At

At the third or fourth walk which I took to Mount Pausilippo, I fell, just as night was coming on, into such a deep reverie, that I was lost to myself and the scenes of nature which surrounded me. I walked on mechanically, and the faculties of my eyes and ears were for a while suspended. At length I awake; I arose from this state of insensibility, and my senses resume their functions. What is my astonishment, to find myself involved in total darkness! I raise mylooks towards the sky—the sky has disappeared: I cast my eyes around me, and can distinguish nothing: I lay my hand upon the soil, I find it very smooth, but can feel no grass, nor any signs of vegetation: I advance a few steps, feeling my way

way with my hands, and find myself arrested in my progress by an obstacle which I strive in vain to pass. I return upon my steps, and, after a short time, I find my way opposed a second time. I was lost in wonder. I neither knew where I was, or how I got there. The perplexity of my situation was encreased by the most awful silence. I listened with the most profound attention, but my ears did not receive the slightest sound. What added to my alarm was, that I could expect no relief from the re-appearance of the sun. I remembered to have seen the sky extremely clear and serene before I was plunged in the reverie which had thus bewildered me; and I said to myself, that if I could see no stars,

the sun too must be lost to me; from which I concluded that I was in a place inaccessible to light, and in which no man had probably ever been before. I then reproached myself for having thoughtlessly ventured to traverse, thus alone, a country with which I was unacquainted; but these reproaches did not exactly unfold to me how I had entered this Acherontic cave, nor did they give me the key to let myself out of it. I therefore left the office of censor to those who might hear my tale, and renewed my efforts to discover some means of liberating myself. By dint of listening, I thought I could distinguish a sound not far from me. Conceiving that it might proceed from some mischievous beast which

which ranged in this abyss, I struck my cane several times on the ground, in order to frighten the animal, and drive it from me, upon which a voice pronounced with firmness, "*Who goes there? who are you, and what do you want?*" What a voice, my dear Don Carlos! It sounded to me as an angel's, or rather, if I must confess my folly, I thought I could recognize in those few words, something like the pronunciation of Josephine. Never had my ears been saluted with more melodious sounds; they struck to my very soul, and kept me for a time motionless and dumb. As soon as my emotion somewhat subsided, I answered—"It is a stranger, who, through ignorance of the place, has lost his way, and fallen, he knows not how,

into this gulph, pray favour him with your assistance." I had scarcely uttered these words when I found myself seized by the hand: "Follow me," said the same voice, "you may easily have lost your way; but you are in no gulph; this is the cave which goes to the extent of the mountain; it is a public road, and in the day-time is much frequented."

After walking some time we reached the entrance of the cave. I discovered by the light of the stars, that my conductor was a hermit; but I could form no idea of his features, the better half of his face being concealed in his cowl. When I was extricated from the cave, I offered to take leave of him, but he would not allow me. "Are you going to Naples?" said

said he. I answered that I was. "Very well," added he, "I will put you in the road, or you may possibly go astray again. Besides, it is late, and these remote places are sometimes dangerous at night; you might perhaps be exposed to some more serious adventure, and you must not fall from Charybdis into Sylla." "But will not you, then, father," said I to him, "likewise run some risk in returning this way alone, for I presume your hermitage is in these quarters." "It is; but I have no fears; I never walk without two faithful friends." —I then looked about me, to see if any body followed us. "You are looking for my friends," resumed he; "they are here." On saying which, he drew from under his gown two pistols. Any other

person in my place would not have been altogether satisfied at the sight of these two pistols, but might possibly have been alarmed at being alone in such a place with a hermit so equipped. But the sound of his voice had prepossessed me in his favour, and banished all apprehensions. I had not even a thought of his having any ill designs. "You must not be surprised," said he to me, "at seeing me so armed. Although a hermit, I am entitled to the means of self-defence."

When we reached the road towards Naples, we parted. I experienced a kind of regret at separating with him. I renewed the acknowledgment of my obligations towards him, and begged him to point out the exact spot of his abode, and

to

to permit me to improve my acquaintance with him. "My cell," he answered, "is at the north point of the mountain; I shall see you there with much pleasure, for you appear to me a very pleasing young man. But, as you may have some difficulty in finding my solitude, if you will name the day, and, as nearly as you can, the time when you will come to see me, I will meet you near the place." To-morrow, then," said I, "about six o'clock in the evening, I will be at the foot of the mountain." "Your eagerness," replied he, "is both flattering and grateful to me. I will then shew you all the paths and secret windings thereabout, and will make you so well acquainted with them, that you shall go astray no more."

During the whole of the way towards Naples, this man was the sole object of my thoughts: I felt more at ease than I was accustomed to be; I experienced a real satisfaction at having met with him, without being able to account for it, except that his manners and his voice had taught me to expect a pleasure from an acquaintance with him.

The following day I was true to my appointment, and found him in a meadow, seated under a willow-tree, on the bank of a stream, with a book in his hand, and his eyes bent towards the ground. I accosted him by asking pardon for the interruption I caused to his meditations, which I presumed were holy, as he appeared to have a prayer-book in his hand. He undeceived

deceived me by saying, that he was amusing himself with the study of botany, and that the book in his hand was *Linneus's Genera Plantarum*. My first request was, that he would take me to his abode; which he granted, on condition that I should shew it to nobody; having, as he said, renounced the world, and being resolved, as far as he could, to avoid all visits. "I however receive your's," added he, "but I confess to you candidly, that I cannot help it; and with equal candour I must tell you that you please me greatly. Thus it sometimes happens, that a man is attached to another by a sympathy for which he cannot account, but which he feels no inclination to resist; that which attaches me to you

seems to presage some happy event. Still I am astonished that I should have conceived such a liking for you, for if there be any affinity in our characters, there is certainly none in our ages." As I experienced myself the same feelings which he had just described, I was not in the least surprised at his confidence. From what he had said about our ages, I was induced to look at him more attentively than I had done, and I found him to be a man between forty and forty-five years of age; perfectly straight and upright, except a slight inclination of his head towards the right side. His countenance was not noble, nor even his features absolutely regular, but it pleased me infinitely. There was a mixture of gravity and

gentleness

gentleness in it which never fails to attract at first sight. His head was not shaved, nor had he a long beard like our hermits in Spain. His hair was only cropped, and he did not appear to me entirely to have renounced his toilet. His beard was not of more than two days growth. His gown, which was of the same colour as those usually worn by monks, appeared to be of a cloth very fine and light. Upon the whole, he presented an appearance of neatness which never fails to please, which seems to give dignity to the man; and which is always becoming in whatever situation he may be placed.

We ascended together three parts up the mountain, and after taking several

winding paths, which were known only to himself, we entered a cave which nature had cut out in the rock, and which appeared to be about eight feet in height, and, from the brightness of the chrystal, seemed strewed with diamonds. We proceeded through this cave for about a quarter of an hour, when we entered upon a large extent of land, cultivated in such a manner as to afford a most pleasing variety to the sight, as also to administer amply to one's wants. It contained meadows which were watered by innumerable rivulets; fields of wheat, barley, and oats; an orchard, a kitchen-garden, a small vineyard, and an orange grove; sheep, cows, asses, and goats, were all grazing in the meadows.

The

The hermit led me through different walks, bordered by all kinds of odoriferous shrubs, to his abode, which he called his castle; at the entry was a square of turf. The building consisted of a small neat chapel on the right hand, where I observed three pictures of approved masters; one of which was of the Spaniard who does honour to our country; a dining-parlour, in which I saw a marble *Christ* of uncommon beauty; and another wainscoted room, which was furnished with some chairs, and all kinds of joiners' tools. At the entry was a staircase leading to the story above. On the right was a study, very modestly furnished, in which I found a choice library, consisting of Latin, Spanish,

nish, and Italian books. The first class were principally the works of philosophers, poets, and historians; those of the second were chiefly religious; and the remainder formed a collection of the best productions on botany, natural history, and agriculture. I remarked, that amongst all these books, there was not a single romance, not even our Don Quixotte, nor the Telemachus of Fenelon, so highly extolled by the French. I made this observation to the hermit; he answered, "I do not like fables; I do not like to read what I feel no desire to retain; and man's life is too short, and his duties too important, to lose time in the perusal of idle tales, and confound his senses with tales of a tub.—

The

The room on the left was a bed-chamber, neatly papered with green, the border of which was a garland of roses, and on each side was hung several holy prints and pictures, all executed by the first artists.

Having seen all that could interest my curiosity, we returned to the dining-parlour, where I partook of some fruits which he presented, and I then expressed an inclination to return to Naples. I promised at parting that I would revisit him on the morrow, when he should shew me the rest of the mountain and its environs. "I shall always see you with extreme pleasure," answered the hermit; "I will wait for you to-morrow at the same spot and at the same hour, and since you are

so

so partial to pleasing instruction, I will strive to gratify your taste.

Thus passed my first visit. I shall resume this history by the next post. You cannot imagine, my dear friend, how greatly the remainder of my life must be influenced by this Hermit's fate.

Heavens! what do I learn! what do I read. Just as I was concluding my letter, your father sent me one written to him by Cascara. It is true then that this Wanderghen,—that this execrable wretch menaces your life. It seems then my repugnance to quit Madrid, to separate myself from you, was well-founded. Ah! why am I not there, that you might make a rampart of my body, and that I might force this vile bully to bite the dust? Good

Good God! perhaps the fatal blow is struck already, perhaps you are wounded; perhaps ..... What days, what nights, what minutes, shall I pass till the next post arrives! And I, I am the cause of all this, 'tis through me that you became acquainted with this monster! I deserve Don Pedro's dagger in my heart, I deserve to be given a prey to all the furies of hell.

LETTER IX.

The same to the same.

Naples, 15 *Sept.* 17—

HEAVEN be praised! I breathe again.—I shall see and embrace my dear friend once more—He lives; you are safe, my

my dear Don Carlos; heaven has declared for virtue, and snatched you from the claws of the vultures. The rascal Wanderghen has not triumphed; you live, and 'tis of little consequence what becomes of him; but if he should survive, it will be to form new plots against your happiness and safety; be ever on your guard against his machinations. How I love the good old Cascara; his zeal and affection for you can never be repaid. What surprizing presence of mind for a man at his age and with his infirmities. We both must love him with our whole hearts.

I return to my hermit, my dear Don Carlos. After the visit which I gave you an account of, I seldom let a day pass without

without going to see him, and in spite of the disproportion of our ages, we became intimate friends. Our conversation always turned on subjects of morality, natural history, or the laws and customs of different nations: and I can affirm with truth, that I have learned more from his discourses than from all the various books which I have read. Whenever I put any questions that were personal, about his country, his family, the reasons that had induced him to renounce the world at an age still susceptible of its enjoyments, he constantly evaded them, and returned to the previous subject. I did not press my interrogatories, least I should offend him and thereby have caused him to deprive me of his company, which would have been a grievous circumstance to me, because his conversation

tion and society had become essential to my comfort.

Being led one day in the course of conversation to inform him that I was a Spaniard, and Secretary of Legation from Madrid to Naples, I thought I could read in his eyes, which are uncommonly expressive, that this confidence was not displeasing to him. He asked me several questions about the Ambassador; particularly if he was a just man, and superior to prejudice; if he had candour and courage enough to confess an error, and was steadfast in the exercise of justice against the temptations of self-love, and the clamours of men in office.

He was so well satisfied with my answers, that he exclaimed: "Thank Heaven!

Heaven! there is one man then whom I can meet without abhorrence; he will not take part with ignorance and malice to oppress and destroy the innocent." I observed too that since the day of my making this communication, he became still more anxious for my company, and evinced more kindness and affection towards me; from which I imagined that he had a view to my influence with the ambassador, in case he should find occasion for his protection. I concluded that self-interest was the common guide of man, and that in whatever state of solitude and denial he might be placed, he trod constantly in the paths of, and within the prop of this idol.

My acquaintance with this singular man,

man made some noise, and became a subject of raillery against me at the ambassador's. Fierbrac, the secretary of legation from France, was particularly pleasant on the occasion. He requested me very earnestly to introduce the hermit to his acquaintance; but I refused to comply, because I had not the hermit's permission for the introduction of a second person, and because I was apprehensive of some indiscretion on the part of Fierbrac, who, though of an amiable character, is rather deficient in that caution and prudence so essential to the preservation of a secret. He asked me what pleasure I could find in frequenting such an out-of-the-way being, and what advantage

tage I could expect from a connection with such an original. "It is because he is an original," answered I, "because he is an out-of-the-way being, that I am so anxious to be acquainted with his history. I know not what power urges me to seek this knowledge, but I know that I can never be satisfied without it, and I hope by kindness and respect to gain his entire confidence, and prevail on him to gratify my wish." "Much good may it do you," said Fierbrac; "for myself, I know enough, knowing nothing of him; I don't like people who depart from the beaten track in search of the awful wonders of this world; I will even confess, that I am naturally inclined to distrust them."

them." "It remains to be known," answered I, "if one can always keep the beaten track; and before we think ill of those who have quitted it, it is but just that we should know their motives. I therefore suspend any judgment on our hermit till I know his."

I know them now, Don Carlos, I have become acquainted with his story, but by means very different to what I proposed or expected; and which cannot fail to excite your greatest astonishment. I postpone this relation till my next letter. I am obliged to conclude this, having, very unexpectedly, to expedite some dispatches for the courier who will bring it to you.

LETTER

LETTER X.

The same to the same.

Naples, 18 *Sept.* 17—

I RESUME my narration without preamble. One day when we were getting up from table, your father said to me, "Fernando, do you walk towards Solfaterra to-day?"—"Yes, Signor." Does your favourite hermit expect you there?"—"He expects me."—"Have you promised to see him to-day?" "I have promised him."—"At what time does he expect you?" "About six o'clock."—"Where is your place of rendezvous?" "Near the *Grotto aux Chiens*."—"Well, Fernando, you will not see your surprising hermit. You

must be the bearer of dispatches to the ambassador of France; he is apprized of it, and expects you at six o'clock; the affair will not admit of delay. Adieu."

I accordingly went to the French ambassador at six o'clock. The business upon which I had to see him, detained me two tedious hours. I afterwards took a turn with Fierbrac on the Pier, and returned home about ten o'clock. The porter opened the door to me with a countenance quite bewildered, and told me that the ambassador was returned.— "Well!" said I, "is there any thing uncommon in that?" — "As soon as he came in," continued the porter, "he asked if you were at home, and on being told that you were not, he desired that

you

you might be sent for at the French ambassador's; on being told that you were not there, he seemed displeased, and desired that you would go to him in his study at whatever hour you might return. This news alarmed me; I thought it betokened some strange event, and was apprehensive as to the nature of it. I went to your father's study, and found him in the attitude of a man in deep thought. On seeing me, he got up briskly, and said, "Signor Texado, you are a bad physiognomist. Your hermit appears to me to be a rogue."—How!" answered I, quite astonished, "has Fierbrac then...."—"I have nothing to do with Fierbrac," replied he, interrupting me, "who has said nothing to me about him; "I have only to do with you.

You must deliver this hermit into my custody." — "Who! Must I perform such an office," exclaimed I; "No, never! do not expect that I will."—"Do you, or do you not feel interested for him?" —"I will not deny that I am much attached to him, and that I have a very different opinion of him to that which you have just expressed."—"Be your opinion what it may, would you rather that I should send thirty fusileers in pursuit of him, or bring him here yourself?" —"Signor...."—"I want no answer; here is the conduct you will observe. Go to him to-morrow at your accustomed hour; go in the carriage, and alight at sufficient distance from the spot where you meet him, to prevent the coachman's

over-

overlooking you. Take with you Miguel Catalinos, my valet-de-chamber, who is a man worthy your confidence. Desire the hermit to throw off his robe, and put on the dress of a gentleman. If he have none, Miguel shall give you one out of my wardrobe; or you can buy one. Wait till it is dark before you bring him to the house. Conduct him to a room which you will take care to have ready for his reception, and let him sup with you. The next morning breakfast together, and come immediately after to my study.—You may now retire, Fernando: what I have said is too plain to need any comment. You must prove to me, Signor Texado, that there is no collusion between you; and must ac-

count to me for your imperfect memory. Once more, adieu ; you may retire."

I left your father without uttering a syllable ; I was involved in amazement at what he had just said to me, and as much confounded as a school-boy when his master has detected him in a fault. What can this mean ? said I to myself, when I was alone in my room. The hermit is a rogue ; I am in collusion with him, and must account for my imperfect memory : Fernando was dropped after once or twice naming me, and I am become Texado again. *Fiat lux.* I wish I may die if I understand any thing of all this ; and let me puzzle my imagination ever so much, I shall be none the wiser. The hermit is a rogue, or an honest

man,

man, that is clear: If he be a rogue, why all this ceremony? why proceed with so much delicacy? why lodge a rogue in his house? If he be an honest man, who has a right to interrupt his tranquillity? why not leave him at rest? Ah! Don Pedro, Don Pedro, I have neither your knowledge nor experience 'tis true; but your mode of proceeding appears to me very unaccountable. And I too must be the instrument of this violation of the rights of man! that is to say, from a secretary of legation I am transformed into an alguazil. Oh! Signor ambassador, this is too much; there was never yet such an officer in my family, and there never shall be. Well, but if I do not go, thirty fusileers will

be sent in my place. I am obliged in conscience to spare this worthy man such a humiliation; yes, he is a worthy man; if he were not, I should not feel so much affection for him. I have experienced the kindest treatment from him; and he, perhaps, may owe the misfortunes that await him to his complaisance in shewing me his retreat. Well, no matter. Suppose then I resolve to do as I am required; who told you, Signor Ambassador, that this man will consent to attend to my simple summons. If he should not follow me, you will say that we are in a collusion together; that I have lost my memory; and I shall be the Signor Texado ever after.

Amidst these reflections I went to sleep,

sleep, and slept well. On awaking the next morning, my irresolution began again. This, said I to myself, is a cruel day: I knew not what to determine. My mission went much against me; yet I dare not suffer it to be entrusted to another. I was tempted to make some observations to your father: I was going down stairs for that purpose, but I stopped on the staircase, and had not courage to proceed. Don Pedro, no doubt, perceived at table, that I was very thoughtful and melancholy, but he spoke no more about the hermit than if he had never been mentioned.

The hour approached, and I was obliged to make up my mind. I ordered a room to be prepared next to my own;

I had the horses put to the carriage, and desired Miguel to attend me. The carriage stopped on the high road, and I went alone across the field leading to the appointed place, where I found my hermit. He immediately ran to embrace me, and expressed his disquietude at not having seen me on the preceding evening: "I am too much accustomed to your society," added he; "if you were my son I could not love you more; and I confess, that no circumstance would be so painful to me as to be obliged to part with you." I thanked him for his kind sentiments towards me, and immediately proceeded to fulfil my commission. I said to him, "Father, I bring you news that will greatly surprize you. The Spanish ambassador

bassador desires to see you."—" No, no," said he; " do not bring him to me; I do not like such visits."—" I will not bring him to you; for it is not here that he wishes to see you, but at his house."—" What do you tell me? And of what nature is the Ambassador's desire?"—" Of the same as all others which he forms; that is, firm, determined, and proof against all persuasion." —" I am not surprised, Fernando, that as you knew of my being here he should know it also; but can you tell me the reason of his desiring this interview?"— " That you must be better acquainted with than myself. This is not a time for disguise. I know not who you are; I was all along very curious to know it;

but I thought proper to wait till I should have inspired you with sufficient confidence to receive this disclosure from yourself. It is not so with the Ambassador: he certainly knows your history, or at least he thinks he knows it. How he is become thus suddenly acquainted with you is not perhaps a mystery to you; but I must confess it is one to me. I will further tell you, in order that you may be the better prepared to answer the questions he may put, that he entertains a very unfavourable opinion of you."—"That I am not surprised at; in so doing he does but resemble others. But do you imagine he intends me any harm?"—"You must see that the manner he has adopted to take you to him, is

is so far from being calculated to alarm you, that it is perfectly consistent with politeness. I have not concealed from him that I was your friend; he could not therefore send a more welcome messenger."—"Certainly not. You do not then partake the opinion he has of me?"—"How can you ask me such a question? I must have made myself very imperfectly known to you, if you are not convinced that I am wholly devoted to your interest?"—"Have you any influence on the Ambassador's judgment?"—"I should astonish you were I to relate his acts of kindness towards me. His son is not better treated than myself. But let us not flatter ourselves. Nobody, nobody can influence his judgement. If what

what is asked of him be just, he grants it without hesitation; but I would rather renounce his sight for ever, and spend my remaining days in your hermitage, than venture to make a request which he considered contrary to justice."—"I expected this. Yesterday, at the hour when you are accustomed to visit me, I observed a man of elegant make, a noble countenance, a piercing eye, and a scar on his cheek, standing near the *Grotto aux Chiens*, who looked me full in the face; and even came back two or three times, as if to examine me more closely. He was alone, but I perceived a carriage and four servants at some distance. Was not that the Ambassador?"—"It was himself; at least I judge so from your description

description of him. I have no doubt but he wished to observe you nearly, and I can now account for his not permitting me to pay you my accustomed visit."—I have been thinking of him all night. I ought to be upon my guard against him; prudence requires that I should. In the situation I am placed, it does not become me to make any dependance on chance. If an event should befal me, which probability seems to threaten, you would be the first to blame me for having placed myself in the lion's fangs. I am not therefore disposed to comply with the Ambassador's desire. He will swear, he will curse, and he will contrive; but what will it signify to me? It is impossible to find me in my hermi-

tage. I have provision there, and can procure as much as I shall need without danger of discovery: I shall be secure from him by remaining always in it; and there are prisons by far less pleasant than that?"—"Very well; if that be your final determination, I will return home as I came from thence. The tempest will burst upon my head; and I must find shelter where I can. But since we are now holding counsel together, before we proceed according to this determination, allow me to make one or two observations. That you labour under some difficulty of no common stamp is beyond dispute. If it be brought upon you by any crime for which you cannot obtain favour, pardon, nor indulgence, remain here,

here; hide yourself in the bowels of the earth; for if you should fall into the hands of His Excellency, you are undone. If, on the contrary, the affair be of such a nature that you are only unfortunate, and are irreproachable on the score of probity, as I am perfectly convinced is the case, then come with me, hope every thing from the Ambassador, who, as I told you before, and cannot repeat too often, is a man enlightened, upright, and just, who, like Chancellor Cramer, would suffer his hand to be consumed in a furnace, if that hand had contributed in the most distant degree to the injury of an innocent man. And again, supposing that the cause of your concealment be only your misfortune,

you

you ought surely to feel the greatest desire to have it put an end to, as well for your own personal comfort, as for that of your relations and friends. Perhaps you are the father of a family, if so, your most ardent wish must be to be restored to those who owe their birth to you. Presuming then that the matter may have a happy issue, far from objecting to surrender yourself to the ambassador, you ought to bless your fate, and return heaven thanks for giving you into the power of a man from whom you may expect more favour and protection than from any other. Moreover, if you do not come, what will be the consequence? They will send a regiment or two, if necessary, in search of you. They will surround

surround the mountain, and proceed with such perseverance to destroy the thickets round about it, that they cannot fail in the end to discover your retreat. Crimes are detected in their dark abodes, however deep they lie concealed in the earth. Is your hermitage less subject to discovery? Would you take flight—have you time to effect it? Perhaps in an hour or two after my return to Naples, the blockade of your retreat may be commenced; and even, if you could fly, where would you go? England is the only place where you could look for safety, and England is far from here; besides, can he be said to live, who lives like Cain?"

In this manner I addressed the hermit. I know not how I came to argue so fluently,

ently, for I had not prepared a word before I accosted him; my speech however made some impression on him. "Fernando, said he to me, you reason well, I defy the universities to produce a better logician than yourself. You have determined me; I surrender. If I should be deceived in my confidence in the Ambassador's integrity, you will be sorry for it, you will shed tears of blood whenever I visit your memory; you will wish that you had never known me, when it will be impossible for you ever to forgetme. When must I go to the city?"—"Immediately; you are required to sup and sleep there this night." "That cannot be; when I once leave this place I know not when I may return, or if I shall ever return; and

and I cannot consent to leave my possessions behind me. How can I pack them up and convey them thither in so short a time?"—"The hermits of your class are not, I find, such philosophers as Bias, who took his all about him. But this is no time for jesting. The difficulty you point outI confess I never thought of. If yourbundlehad not been larger than a portmanteau, we could have carried it beyond the confines of your solitude, and a servant of the ambassador's, who is in a carriage on the Naples road, might then relieve us." "Since you have a carriage and a servant, we can surmount this obstacle. I will content myself for the present with a portmanteau. I have the means of getting my other things when I want them."

"I must

"I must acquaint you further, that you must be dressed like one of us; the Ambassador will not see your gown in his house. I have not brought cloaths with me, because I remembered to have seen some above."

Every thing being arranged according to my instructions, I desired the hermit to lead the way till he had passed the windings leading to his habitation. I then ordered the carriage to draw up to the foot of the mountain, and when he had filled his portmanteau, I gave it to Miguel, and we all got into the carriage, and took the road to Naples.

The night was far advanced when we reached the house. I asked if the Ambassador had inquired for me, or had desired

sired to be informed of my return. I was told that he had not said a word about me, and was already gone to bed. I could not but admire his tranquillity.

The ex-hermit and I went up into my room, where we had supper, at which he shewed no want of appetite. His serenity astonished me the more, as I was far from partaking it. I felt the utmost anxiety for the issue of this adventure, and even repented not having refused to execute the commission with which your father had entrusted me. My feelings on this occasion resembled, as I thought, those of remorse.

When supper was over, a servant conducted my man to his room. When he came to me the next morning, I asked him

him how he had passed the night, to which he answered that he had slept tolerably well. I congratulated him on his tranquillity, telling him that it presaged a happy day. I was, however, far from entertaining so consolatory an idea. I could not resist an inward terror, which grew stronger as the hour of breakfast drew nearer. Chocolate taken, I said to my prisoner: "The fatal hour is come; let us go down to the tribunal; you to receive, and I to hear the judgment." "The worst that I can meet," said he to me, "is to be taken from whence I come. I mean, Fernando, that as I have abandoned myself to your care, it must be your care, if the event prove unpropitious, to re-instate me in my prison."

These

These words touched me nearly, and increased my apprehensions as to the course your father would pursue.

You will see by my next, my dear Don Carlos, what he resolved upon; who this pretended hermit proved to be, and how well-founded was the interest I felt for him.

LETTER XI.

The same to the same.

Naples, 19 *Sept.* 17—

I FOUND nothing objectionable in the appearance of my ex-hermit in his gentleman's dress, except that his hair being cut close round his head, gave him something of the look of an English

 clergyman.

clergyman. He had dressed himself in a simple grey coat, and, like a true Spaniard, had hung a sword by his side. I know not how he felt within, but there was no alteration visible in his countenance.

We found Don Pedro at his bureau, writing very peaceably. As soon as he perceived us, he got up, and in a tone not very gracious, said to my man: "Whence comes it, Signor, that you appear before me with a sword? Have you any other arms about you?"—"I have two pistols in my pockets," answered the ex-hermit.—"Go to your room again," said your father, "and deposit your arms; you ought not to have any; you are my prisoner."

The

The ex-hermit made no reply but left the room. "Stay, Fernando," said your father to me, "it is proper that you should be present at this interview." He then continued writing very quietly. I remarked that there were two English pistols on his bureau, which surprised me, as I had never before seen him in his study with arms.

When the ex-hermit returned, Don Pedro again got up, and said: "You are no more a hermit than I am; you are not an Italian; you are a Spaniard; you obtained a passport in the name of Antonio Roidera, which is not your name; your name is Cæsar de Suza; the vessel which you went on board of at Cadiz, has suffered shipwreck; she has

lost some men, and you were thought to be of the number, to which report you appear to have been desirous of giving credit."

This speech overwhelmed me with confusion and astonishment. I gazed on the hermit with a sensation of horror, and exclaimed involuntarily: "What! are you then the famous Cæzar de Suza? Good heavens! How greatly have I been deceived!"

"Signor Texado," said Don Pedro to me, "your surprize is misplaced, you must know a part of this mystery as well as I do. You have Cæsar de Suza's description; you even caused two copies to be made of it. Can you then explain to me, in a satisfactory manner, how it could have

have escaped your memory?" "Signor," answered I, "you have brought it to my recollection; I now remember that at the conclusion of a long interview with which you honoured me, you charged me to carry a description to a minister and consul, from both of whom I remember to have received a copy; but I declare, upon my honour, that my mind was so completely occupied with the subject of the conversation that preceded your instructions, that I thought of nothing else; that I did not even read the description; and after placing the papers in the box, I had never the curiosity to look at their contents." "You declare this upon your honour," said Don Pedro to me; I "therefore admit

your excuse: You have nevertheless been guilty of an omission, of which you now see the consequence. The copies were signed by you, and you should sign nothing which you have not read, and read deliberately." Then addressing himself to Cæsar de Suza, who appeared quite unmoved, "And you, Signor," said he, "you have heard me; you know what I have said is true; speak for yourself. —"Signor," answered de Suza, "in what situation do I appear here?"—"I do not understand your question"—"If I am brought here as the accused, if you are my judge, justice requires that I should be heard before I am condemned." —"I am not a judge, and therefore am not to try you; it is at Madrid where you

you will be tried; or to speak more properly, where you have been tried already; you have been condemned to death; the sentence has been executed in effigy, and extends to the confiscation of your property. After these proceedings, if I were a judge, what remains for me to try?"—"If the ignorance and injustice of my fellow-creatures were less known to me, and if I had not long since expected every evil that their malice could effect, this news would overcome me. From the testimony of young Fernando, I flattered myself that you would not partake of that fatal rashness with which mankind in general dispose of reputations, and often consign to the miseries of contempt and death, men of

worth and virtue. And yet there have been, unfortunately, sufficient instances of unjust condemnations to serve as a warning against such cruel errors; but they are disregarded or forgotten; and, as is said by a writer well versed in the history of nations, the example of past generations is always lost to the present. I feel, by sad experience, the justice of what I say. But I shall proceed no further with these reflections, which after all might come from a guilty as well as an innocent man. Let me only be allowed to ask you, since, as you have done me the honour to tell me you are not my judge, then I say, permit me to ask, what is the business of your office, as far as relates to myself?"—"To execute

cute the orders with which I am charged, and which are repeated with increasing earnestness by every courier from Madrid. It is there reported, and pretty confidently believed, that you are concealed in the kingdom of Naples." — "Will you forgive me if I presume to ask, what is the purport of these orders?"—"The purport is to arrest and send you under a sure guard to Spain by the first ship that sails."—"And you will execute these orders?"—"If the affair were of a less serious nature, your question would excite my laughter. And what right have you, if you please, Signor, to interrupt the course of justice, particularly when I know it aims at giving a great and necessary example; and when I am

charged, by orders which I dare not infringe, to obey her decree?" —"And suppose I were innocent, Signor?" — "By my faith and honour, if you were innocent, all the powers of the earth should not take you from my arms; I would rather deliver my son, and the young man who is now present, to death, than suffer a man to be dragged to the scaffold who had once convinced me of his innocence."

These words, and the tone in which they were pronounced, affected De Suza and myself most deeply; and, at the same instant, we fell down and embraced his knees. De Suza looked at him affectionately, and declared his innocence. "Yes, yes," exclaimed I, "he is innocent.

cent. Are those the eyes, is that the countenance of an assassin? Adorable man," continued I, still addressing your father, " take this unfortunate person under your protection. Does not your heart tell you that he is deserving of it? Do him as much good as his enemies would do him harm, I conjure you in your son's name. Signor de Suza is, perhaps, the father of a family....."— " Rise, rise," said Don Pedro, interrupting me; " this is not the proper method of proceeding in matters of such serious consequence. Fernando, be more moderate; your impetuosity is incredible. Observe your own inconsistency: a moment ago Cæsar de Suza made you shrink from him with horror, and now Cæsar

de Suza is little less than an angel. Let us sit down," added he, "and treat the affair with proper temperance. Signor," continued he, addressing himself to De Suza, "I cannot refuse to hear you; but, in order that you may not ramble, or add any thing in your defence foreign to the enormous crime of which you stand accused, I shall myself relate all the circumstances of this most desperate and cruel outrage. You will then proceed to defend yourself if you can. Give me your most serious attention."

"Don Juan de Spinoletto, brother of my wife, has taken great pains in seeking justice for the inhuman deed in question, and certainly with much reason. You yourself cannot but commend his care

and

and endeavours. Spinoletto had an elder brother of more than common promise; but who, from the age of twenty, manifested a strong disgust for all dignities, all places or employments in society. They would, at all events, have wished him to enter upon an ecclesiastical office; but their wishes were vain. He entered a religious sect which now no longer exists. On the dissolution of this body, every means were had recourse to, to induce him to become one of the secular clergy, but they were equally unsuccessful. He had made his profession, and entered upon his orders; he refused to be released from his vows, and followed the remaining few of his sect to Rome, where he died a few months after, generally regretted by

by all who had known him, and by me in particular, who had always a share in his love and esteem. A few hours previous to his death, he wrote an affecting letter to his brother, in which he assured him, that the only cause of regret he had given him in the course of his life was, that he had not made a proper use of the fortune which he enjoyed.

"By this death Spinoletto and his sister became possessed of the joint property of their parents, which was very considerable; the mother was an only daughter. The father had a sister who married Philip Wenceslaus Ononderos de la Torré, governor of Madrid. Philip had two boys, but no daughters. It is notorious, Signor de Suza, that you were intimately connected

nected with the younger one, whose name was Joseph; so much so, that your connection became proverbial, and it was said in every company at Madrid, *Who sees Joseph sees Cæsar*; *who sees Cæsar sees Joseph.*

"At the age of twenty-five, Joseph disappeared without any one knowing what became of him. All enquiries and endeavours to discover him proved ineffectual. Two years after, Gabriel, his elder brother, died of the small-pox, whereupon the father and mother were inconsolable. Spinoletto shared their sorrow, because he was much attached to his aunt, and because he looked to his cousin Gabriel to inherit his wealth and honours. Then the loss of Joseph was doubly regretted.

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The pursuit was renewed; money was lavished in the attempt; and the search was extended even to the Philippine islands, but they were no less unfortunate in this than in the former attempt; nothing was heard of the unfortunate Joseph. Philip Wenceslaus de la Torré became a prey to sorrow and despair on finding himself childless, which in a short time brought him to his grave, whither his wife followed him six months after. There then is a whole family extinct. Spinoletto, who considered it as his own, regrets its loss so deeply, that I have often heard him say, that though his sister was dear to him, he found himself lost in the world, since that family was no more. He has told me likewise that his love

love towards Joseph exceeded that for Gabriel, because he found in the former more martial ardour and inclinations, and a disposition more analogous to his own. Now what comes to pass? After six months absence, the unhappy Joseph appears. How does he appear? A man is found murdered at Aguilar del Campo. This man is Joseph, the sole heir of Philip Wenceslaus de la Torré! You have a domain at Aguilar del Campo. It was in the enclosure of this domain that Joseph was murdered, fifty paces from your house, in a path leading to a little wood; and what is more, a handkerchief, bearing your mark, was found in the victim's pocket; his shirt and stockings also bore your mark; he was

in

in a morning gown and slippers; the gown was recognised by all the inhabitants of Aguilar for your's, having, they say, often seen you in it. But what is most horrible, is, that his dreadful end does not appear to have been the consequence of any quarrel, duel or encounter, but of a base and infamous assassination. Joseph was found stretched upon the ground, with his feet towards the wood, as if on being struck, he had turned his back upon your house. It appears clear from the accounts and evidence of the inhabitants of Aguilar, who discovered the dead body, that he was struck with a knife in the back, the breast, and the heart. A bloody knife was found by the side

side of him; the handle of which is silver; and has your arms engraven thereupon.

"A singular circumstance is, that all the inhabitants of Aguilar, of both sexes, from six years of age, were summoned to examine the dead body; not one of whom acknowledges to have known him; they all swore never to have seen him living, and that the features were utterly strange to them. A will was found amongst his papers, in which he complains heavily of his family, without even sparing his cousin Don Juan de Spinoletto. Who does he name his heir by this same will? Cæsar de Suza, upon whom this will contains the warmest panegyric! For a man at the age of thirty, to condemn himself to a life of celibacy, for the sake

of

of leaving all to his friend, is certainly a most extraordinary whim, and betrays a most unaccountable infatuation.

"I need not tell you, that no one can suppose that this unhappy man was himself the author of his death. A suicide seldom aims a blow at his back. He has no interest in prolonging his sufferings, and therefore strives at giving himself a mortal stab.

"To proceed. From all these circumstances, suspicion fell upon you. Enquiry was set on foot; from which it appears, that for about six years past, you never left your domain, and that you lived there in a most retired manner, sequestrated from all society. The period of your retreat

retreat is nearly the same, then, with that of Joseph's disappearance.

"This unfortunate man must have been murdered in the evening or at night, for some workmen, who left your enclosure between five and six in the afternoon, saw nothing of him; and the same workmen, on their return the following morning, between eight and nine, found his dead body. This is not all; and I believe I may venture to affirm that there never were stronger presumptions against any man than those which are now brought forward against you. It further appears upon enquiry, that on the very day on which Joseph was assassinated, you were seen in the morning in a jacket, digging in your garden; and that in the afternoon

noon you were walking your horse in and about your enclosure.

"It appears further, that for a fortnight preceding the murder, you were entirely by yourself, and even procured all your provisions yourself, and performed all the household work, notwithstanding you had a family, and at least one servant.

"Finally, as soon as the murder became known, the officers of justice repaired to your house, which they found entirely deserted, and stripped of every thing, except such heavy furniture as could not be removed with ease and dispatch."

Such, my dear Don Carlos, was your father's narration. I only knew this adventure from the noise it had made, and was wholly unacquainted with the particulars

culars. The perspicuity with which Don Pedro related them, presented them to me in a light not very favourable to the accused. Each circumstance appeared to be a fresh proof against him; and I was all but convinced that the man before me was Joseph's murderer. De Suza, however, with his right hand in his bosom, the left in his waistcoat-pocket, and one knee placed upon the other, listened with an air of the greatest serenity, and seemed no more affected by it, than if he had no personal concern in it.

Don Pedro proceeded: "I have now, Signor, given you a true statement of the facts, and it is just, that after having heard me with so much patience, you should be heard in your turn without interruption;

interruption; but before you begin, I will put two simple questions: Do you think that in the account I have just related, any one circumstance can be either contradicted or construed into a doubt?" —"Not one."—"Do you think that Joseph de la Torre made away with himself?" —"Impossible." —"Then, in that case," exclaimed I involuntarily, "Cæsar de Suza stands convicted."— "That," said your father, "is an exclamation which I by no means approve, and am sorry to have heard." "Young man," said Susa, in his turn, and with a sternness by no means common to him, "your transitions from confidence to suspicion, and from friendship to hatred, are rather sudden; your eyes are not yet

sufficiently clear to read in a good man's heart. Take heed that you never be unfortunate; for you thereby risk the loss of all your friends; and, far from being pitied, you must expect to hear every one proclaim that your misfortunes are your deserts." — "Signor," said your father to Suza, "it is now your turn; please therefore to proceed. Fernando shall not interrupt you. You will make some allowance for his youth."

This lecture covered me with confusion, and convinced me of my fault: I acknowledged it, and made the best apology I was able; with which he seemed perfectly content; and assuming his former tranquillity, he spoke as follows.—"Since, Signor, you have adhered

so strictly to the truth, I will not be found to violate it. I am bound to respect it, in justice to your character, to your complaisance in hearing me, and, above all, to the peace of my own conscience, which I feel no desire to disturb, since it is from that alone I derive consolation; since it is that alone which enables me to bear such an accumulation of miseries. In promising to speak truth, I do not, however, mean to account for the variety of strange incidents attendant on the crime imputed to me. I confess freely, that I cannot explain them; they form a riddle which I cannot solve. All that I am able to do is to relate, without concealment or disguise, such facts as concern me,

me, both previous and at the time of the murder of Joseph de la Torré."

"I was not born to a fortune. My father's was partly consumed in the service of his country; and he exhausted the remainder, as well as the whole of my mother's, in the construction of buildings which turned to no advantage, and which were seized by his creditors nearly as soon as they were completed. I was but eleven years old when he died, and my sister was yet at nurse. We were his only children. Although my mother had brought him a very considerable portion, all she could save from the wreck of his fortune was the small domain at Aguilar del Campo. She had always been subject to fits of melancholy,

which the death of my father, and the forlorn situation in which it left herself and her children, encreased to a degree that threw her into a consumption, of which she died in a twelvemonth after. It would almost seem, from the sad words which succeeded her dying blessing, that she foresaw the fate that awaited me: "Cæsar," said she, "pity me when you grow up, but cherish my memory, and do not think unkindly of me, if I leave you nothing but sorrow for an inheritance. Give good examples to your sister; be a kind brother to her, for you, alas! are her only dependance."

"My mother, by her will, bequeathed us to the guardianship of a respectable tradesman at Tarazona, named Andrew Sancha,

Sancha, whose son is now a bookseller at Madrid."

At the name of Sancha I started; I was about to put a crowd of questions to him, but a look from your father silenced me. De Suza perceived my emotion without remark, and continued thus:

"The property left me by my mother being too inconsiderable to enable Sancha to expend much on my education, he obtained for me, through the interest of a friend, the situation of page to the governor of Madrid, and he took my sister into his own care.

"I remember that I entered upon my service with Philip de la Torré on the same day that Joseph was born. I little

thought at that time what sufferings I should endure, and what tears I should shed, on his account. From his earliest years he manifested an uncommon inclination for the trade of arms, which I too experienced with equal ardour. At the age of six he was heard to say incessantly, that when he was big enough he would kill all the Moors, Mahometans, and infidels, who were to be found. Whenever he could escape from his nurses, he ran to my room to ask an explanation of some mathematical instruments or plans of fortification, which he had seen there. I satisfied his infantine curiosity, without being conscious of doing harm. At ten years of age he attended to me with incredible eagerness.

He

He had made himself acquainted with the name of every Spanish regiment, and performed his exercise like a veteran. In the knowledge of tactics, and the attack and defence of places, he was little inferior to myself. He constantly told me, that he should never be satisfied till he was at the head of a regiment, of which I should be major. For my own part, to carry arms was my only ambition.

" I found too late, that I had done wrong in encouraging his taste for a profession which he was not intended to follow. I was at length informed, that his father and mother designed him for the ecclesiastical state, and had instructed his teachers to do all in their power to dispose him to that life; but he resist-

ed all their efforts with an energy far beyond his age. I remember once, when his preceptor was remonstrating with him in a select company, and explaining to him that he ought to embrace with pleasure and gratitude the life to which he was destined, since it went exclusively to the service of his God; he said to him, with a boldness which astonished his hearers: "Learn, sir, that he who serves his country well, serves God well also."

"As he grew older, his aversion for the holy life grew stronger, and the importunities of his parents became louder. I confess that I made no attempt to conquer his aversion; for, not being in any way charged with his education, I did

not

not consider myself bound to attend to the views of his family. Thus, whenever we were together, all our conversation was on war, and all our researches for the exploits of renowned generals.

"The nature of our discourse became known, and I lost the favour of Joseph's parents. I was then in my twenty-second year, and I had heard nothing of any other situation. I asked for a sub-lieutenancy, and was refused. They offered me the situation of under-tutor, which I accepted in deference to Sancha's advice; though not without feeling dissatisfied with the governor of Madrid.

"Joseph contrived to be as constant as ever in his visits to me, and we as constantly indulged in our favourite

topic. At length, by dint of stratagem, he was placed in a seminary under the care of a tutor, who scarcely ever trusted him out of his sight. Notwithstanding this vigilance, he contrived to write to me nearly every day; and I took every opportunity of going to see him, when I always found him violent against the authors of his confinement, and meditating the most extravagant projects.

"During his detention in this seminary, I pressed his father, Philip de la Torre, to procure me a lieutenant's commission; but was regularly refused in the most disobliging terms. At length my patience was exhausted, and I quitted his service, and his house. The son of Andrew Sancha offered me to partake of his lodg-

ing,

ing, which I accordingly did, and with the little money which I had saved during the time I was with the governor, I resolved to manage till my fortune should better my condition. I there became acquainted with the orphan of a goldsmith, who was of age; she was pleased with me, and I married her. I had no liking for her trade, which she therefore abandoned, and turned all her stock into money. Her fortune was by no means great, but it nevertheless enabled us to live in tolerable ease.

"In the mean time Joseph broke his bonds, for which nobody could have blamed him, if in so doing he had not unfortunately been guilty of an action which tended a good deal to his discredit.

He got up during the night, and plundered his preceptor of all the money contained in his secretary. He then went into the garden, scaled the wall, and took refuge at Salamanca, where he passed for a poor scholar, sent there to finish his studies.

"He wrote me an account of this enterprize, in an answer to which I reprehended his conduct, sent him money to replace what he had taken from his preceptor, and entreated him to return without delay to his family. Some months elapsed without his fulfilling my desire, but I found that the money taken from his preceptor had been restored.

"During this interval my wife gave birth

birth to a girl, whom I named Josephine after my young friend....."

How shall I describe to you what I felt on hearing that dear name! I was no longer able to contain myself; but interrupting de Suza abruptly, I exclaimed; "Heavens! what do I hear? where am I? — What an adventure!" — What! are you then the father of Josephine?"— "Do you then know my daughter?" demanded de Suza, coldly.—"Do I know her," replied I; "Yes, I do indeed, and you must be her father; you have her very accent, and in your eyes I behold her's.— Ah! it was not without reason then that I felt such an irresistible attachment for you."— "You do know her?" he asked again. —"Yes, yes," replied I; "I have

have seen her, I know her, I adore her."— "You mistake," said de Suza, "it is not possible that you should know her; the name is not so uncommon, but that another may bear it as well as she — Here, here added he, look and be undeceived."

So saying he took a small box out of his pocket, in which was a miniature, which he presented to me. "Here," said he, "is my Josephine; is it the same who my ouknow? — "It is the same!" I exclaimed immediately I cast my eyes upon it. "Yes, it is her, it is herself! Look Signor," continued I, "presenting it to Don Pedro, "look, and know her; know Josephine,—judge from this picture what charms belong to the original, and how

how just the sentiments with which this heavenly creature has inspired me."

"She is certainly handsome," said Don Pedro, as he contemplated the miniature, "very handsome." He then returned it to de Suza, who on receiving it said, "I should indeed be loth to part with this in the absence of the original. But, what a strange event is this!—I was a wanderer in the wide world, a charm, a powerful instinct brought me to Naples; and here I find a friend to my unfortunate Josephine.—Signor," continued he, still addressing your father, "if the miseries with which I am oppressed had fallen with justice on my head, my daughter ought not to partake of them. It was not in vain then that Heaven has brought her

her father before you; she stands in need of protection; I beseech you therefore to grant her yours."

"Signor," answered your father, "I was interested in knowing who miss Josephine and her aunt were, but I never expected to receive the information from you. I thought proper to seek it elsewhere.—It is very fortunate for Sancha, the bookseller, that I am now made acquainted with what I desired to know.—My son informs me by a letter which I have received this morning, that Sancha told him, in answer to a note which I wrote to him, containing enquiries about Josephine and her aunt, that your daughter's name was Josephine Roidera, and your sister's Charlotte Roidera.—This then

proves

proves to be an abominable and impolitic falsehood; abominable, because it betrays a distrust which is an insult to my character and my son's; impolitic, inasmuch as it recalls to my mind the name under which you obtained a passport, and convinces me that, in order to trace your steps, it became necessary to begin by tracing your daughter's, and your sister's; to do which they, as well as Sancha, must have undergone a formal examination, and perhaps have been put into confinement. This then shews how truth preserves us from difficulties in which we are involved by falsehood, and how frequently misfortunes are drawn upon us by our own folly and indiscretion; for which we rail at the rigor of Providence,

and

and the injustice of our fellow creatures.

"Fernando," continued Don Pedro, speaking to me; "when you suffered this passion to take possession of your heart, you never even considered, whether or not the young person who was the object of it, had a father. There he is: You find him in a deplorable situation; you see him s unk deep in the abyss of misery. Take heed then that you do not add to his misfortunes; do not forget that he is the father of Josephine; and that he alone has the right to dispose of her. I cannot tell if the discovery you have made this day will be favourable to the designs you may have formed, nor is that the question before us. We must let

Cæsar

Cæsar de Suza continue his narrative, and declare what he knows concerning the murder of the unhappy Joseph."

"Proceed, Signor," said Don Pedro to de Suza; "what you now have heard respecting your daughter, may surprize, but it ought not to alarm you. I must tell you, that Fernando is to me a son; and that I am no stranger to the duties of a father." Proceed. —

Cæsar de Suza having declared that he had no apprehensions from the conduct or sentiments of the young man, whom Don Pedro deemed worthy of cherishing as a son, proceeded with his story; which I promised should meet no further interruption from me.

"I was

"I was saying then, that during the time which Joseph lived incognito at Salamanca, my wife gave birth to a daughter, who was christened Josephine, and to whom my friend Sancha stood godfather.

"Joseph at length determined on returning to Madrid, and took up his residence with me. He then told me a circumstance which he never made known to his family, and which may in some measure account for his making his will at such an early age; inasmuch as it shews that he was not with held by any prospect of marriage. He told me, that in scaling the wall of the seminary, some pieces of glass, which were stuck upon it, had wounded him so desperately, that he was obliged to undergo an amputation, which

condemned

condemned him to a life of celibacy. I represented to him, that this unfortunate accident must obviate his objections to his parents' designs. He replied, that as he owed it to their persecution, it did but encrease his aversion to them; and that he would never make them acquainted with his misfortune, because it should not assist their arguments, and give a face of reason to their importunity. I prevailed on him to return home, in order to allay the fears and resentment of his parents, and I equipped him in a suitable manner. He had not been there long, before he put into execution a design which he had often hinted at, by which he said he would oblige the Church to reject him, and his parents to accede to his warlike views.

He

He sought a pretence for quarrelling with young Lorios, son of the prime minister, whom he met walking on the Prado; a duel ensued, and he wounded his adversary so badly, that he was confined to his bed for upwards of six months.

"This affair made a great noise, and a few days after poor Joseph was sent to the tower of Segovia, where, however, he did not long remain a prisoner, for his fertile invention, and dexterity in execution, soon afforded him the means of escape; and he accordingly got loose from this prison, with less difficulty or danger than he had liberated himself from the seminary. He returned to Madrid, and came immediately to me for protection. I concealed him for some days

days in my lodging, but his retreat had been discovered by his family; and an order from his father tore him from my arms.

"In two or three months after this second return to his family, they revived their persecutions; and he came to ask me if I could not conceal him in my domain at Aguilar, alledging that he had ascertained beyond doubt, that it was the influence and interference of his cousin Don Juan de Spinoletto, that he had been confined in the tower of Segovia; and that he had good reason to fear, that he would obtain an order to the same effect on the following day. I told him that I would willingly expose myself to every danger to secure his liberty, and keep him near me, but

but that my domain was of all other places least safe;—because his cousin had grounds in the neighbourhood, which were let to one Jerome Astucia, whose son, Inego Astucia, was most inimically disposed towards me, in consequence of a dispute we had about the boundaries, in which he had lost his end; and had thereupon declared that he would ruin me.—I represented to him, that a fellow like this would not fail to haunt my dwelling, and watch its inhabitants, and that such conduct must soon lead to his discovery. Joseph listened to me in silence; he made no reply to my observations, but embracing me, with tears in his eyes said, "Adieu, de Suza; adieu my dear and only friend; this embrace will I fear be our

our last!" With this sad farewell he quitted me.

"Day succeeded day, and I saw nothing of him. The report at first ran that he was confined again; but when the various researches made after him by his family became known, that report was no longer regarded, and every body was persuaded that he had disappeared of his own accord; for my own part, I formed the most alarming conjectures on his absence, and despaired of ever seeing him more. In this sad persuasion, my disposition and habits suffered a total change; I abandoned myself to melancholy and solitude, and became indifferent to all society.

"I must here remark, that I cannot agree with those who have metamorphosed me into a villain and a murderer, as to the date of this important period: they make me fly to my retreat at Aguila immediately on Joseph's disappearance, whereas it was not till eighteen months after that I went there; so that I was only secluded four years and a few months.

"About eighteen months then after Joseph had disappeared, my wife was attacked with the small-pox, which at that time made a dreadful ravage amongst the families at Madrid. Gabriel, Joseph's elder brother, used to visit me from time to time, not from any motives of friendship, but in order to discover if I had

I had not concealed his brother in my lodging. On the third day of my wife's illness he paid me one of these scrutinizing visits: the eruption had then made its appearance; I never quitted her night or day. I was seated by the side of her bed when Gabriel arrived; without being announced, or even making himself heard, he came abruptly into the room. The curtains were drawn back, and the first object that struck his sight was the countenance of the suffering sick one. On beholding this face, which he had seen but a few days before, smiling rich in health and beauty, now disfigured in the most dreadful manner, he stood motionless and pale; and placing his hand upon his forehead, he exclaimed that he had caught the infection.

He then looked at himself in the glass; the paleness of his face filled him with terror, and he went away without saying a word. On the same evening he was attacked with a fever; the small-pox shewed itself in the night, and on the fifth day marked him for the grave, whither my wife had preceded him two days.

"Become a widower, and deprived of my poor Joseph, whom I considered lost to me for ever, my residence at Madrid became insupportable, and mankind almost hateful to me. Then it was that I buried myself in my retreat at Aguila. I knew that Jerome Astucia was dead, and that Spinoletto had taken his son to his own house; that the father had been succeeded in the farm by a person named Bal-

Balbuena who was a good man, and had but one son, of a very harmless disposition; I had therefore no fear of any disagreement with them; the other inhabitants of Aguila did not know me, and I had then to learn that people can hate most cordially those whom they do not know.

"I took my daughter with me, and my sister resolved on accompanying us. Alarmed at my deep regret for the loss of Joseph, and the more recent one of my wife, as well as at the manner in which I was affected by the ill reports which prevailed about me at Madrid, in consequence of suspicions thrown out by Don Juan de Spinoletto, of my being instrumental to his cousin Gabriel's death;

she declared that she would never leave me; that she would remain single on purpose to attend to me, and save me from becoming a perfect misanthrope.

"I took but one servant, for I was not rich, and I was anxious to economise, as well for my Josephine's account, as for my dear sister's sake, in case she should grow weary of her celibacy; besides, the boy I kept was capable of doing all that we required, having been accustomed in a former service, both to cook and clean the house, and my sister and myself agreed to give him what assistance he might need

"We found on reaching our domain that it was a very agreeable retreat. By the kind care of our tutor, Andrew Sancha,

it

it had been preserved in excellent condition. Notwithstanding the grievous losses that had befallen me, I should still have found some moments happiness in my solitude, had it been inaccessible to man;—but men are every where, and virtue has every where to struggle with calumny and persecution!

"There happened to be a farmer on my estate who did not please me; and as I was partial to agricultural pursuits, and had no better employment, I designed to manage the farm myself; and accordingly gave him notice to quit it on the expiration of his lease. This farmer, his children, and servants, promulgated a thousand lies against me in the village, which served to recall to mind all those spread by the malicious

Inego Astucia; and quickly changed them into truths. Previous to my living there, the inhabitants had been accustomed to assemble every Sunday to dance in my enclosure: It was too small to contain them all: I know not how the farmer remedied this inconvenience, but I know that from the time it became mine, all who were not admitted made the most hideous noise on the outside of it; and committed outrages which threatened the most serious consequences. Those who were admitted were scarcely more rational; they quarrelled and fought, and every dance was succeeded by some damage, which it fell to my lot to repair.

"These diversions were the more obnoxious to me, as the grating noise of their rustic

rustic instruments formed a sound not very cheering, and completely distracted my attention from reading; so that at length I was obliged to prohibit them. Before this prohibition only a part of the inhabitants were my enemies; after it, they all joined in one common cause against me.

"In the winter, my servant Ambrose, with a view of dissipating the gloom and tedium of the long evenings, invited men and women to his kitchen, in order, as he termed it, to be merry. Those who were not admitted to be of these parties, gave out that I held unlawful meetings to plot the ruin of the parish! Those who were admitted broke my vessels, devoured my meat, drank my wine, and censured my

my way of living. I was obliged therefore to pursue the same measures with their merry-making, as I had done with their dancing; which met with the same return, Those who had found admission joined against me with those who had been excluded.

"A crew of beggars besieged the gate of my enclosure at sun-rise, and blocked up my way whenever I went out. I gave what I could afford, but they discovered that I did not give enough; some said that I was partial; others that I gave least to those who were most needy, and most to such as had fewest wants others said, that I dipensed my bounty with a very ill grace; and whenever the Curate happened in his discourse to

pretended

preach against uncharitableness; each pretended that itwas directed against me.

"When the laborious season advanced, I was unable to do all the work myself, and therefore employed two, three, and sometimes four labourers. If I required that they should not spend three parts of the day in loitering under a tree, or drinking in an ale-house, they poured forth their curses on me among their families at night. They told their children and their neighbours that I was a merciless master, and represented me as obnoxious to the town as a wolf. If I offered to pay them the same as they received from those of a moderate income, they murmured at me, and said, that I ought to pay them as the rich: If I paid them as the rich

ones of the place, they cried out that I ought to pay them more; because they considered mine the finest domain in the neighbourhood. When want of work forced me to dismiss them, they took offence at it, and proclaimed to all who would listen to them; that I had declared a determination to let all the workmen of Aguila, perish with hunger.

"I had taken with me to amuse myself in my solitude, a telescope, an electrifying machine, an air-pump, and a burning-glass, together with an automaton, some stuffed birds, and a magic-lantern to divert my Josephine. If a neighbour observed me touching any of these instruments, he immediately gave out that I was raising the devil, tormenting the dead, and

and creating war betwixt the sun and moon! If the thunder roared, if the hail fell, if an eclipse occurred; all was the the work of my evil practices; —I had entered into a compact with the devil; I was a complete sorcerer, and should bring destruction to the country!

"I could never recover a debt, or obtain the grant of a lawful right, but by having recourse to justiciary proceedings; and as I of course had always the advantage in those troublesome and frequent contentions, it was clearly inferred that I had corrupted or bewitched the judges; even the judges themselves, catching the contagion, agreed amongst their friends that I was too fond of employing the bailiffs; that I was ill-natured, and inflexible in

my

my disposition, and the scourge of all who had to do with me.

" Poets and moralists boast the virtues and happiness of the village; but this is what I have seen; this is what I have experienced at Aguilar! At length prejudice and hatred reached to such a height, that the most monstrous excesses were exercised against me, and passed by as things of course. One night my barn-yard was robbed another night my sheep and goats were killed: one time my fences were destroyed; another my fish-pond was poisoned. Every day was marked by some new act of violence. When I appealed to the authority of the judges, they were astonished that I should be the only complainant; exhorted me to

patience

patience and forbearance, to disguise my rage, and conquer the evil doers by gentleness and kindness. They even once went so far as to set fire to a granary belonging to the good man Balbuena; and what perhaps never happened before was, that the complaint against the incendiary preceded the commission of the crime. I was the incendiary; I found that the information was dated the ninth June, whereas the fire did not take place till the eleventh. I pointed out this to the judges, but they required further proof. Luckily Balbuena's son gave them an indubitable one.

"He had detected the incendiary in the fact, and being very strong, had seized and dragged him of his own accord to a cellar,

cellar, in which he confined him. He prevailed on the judges to visit the cellar, and shewed them the criminal, who thinking they were come to bring him to punishment, confessed his crime; and added, that it was agreed between himself and his accomplices that, I was to pass for the incendiary. This wretch was a son of the farmer I had sent away. He was suffered to go unpunished; I received no kind of satisfaction for this black conspiracy, and poor Balbuena was so tormented for this generous act, that he was obliged to leave that part of the country.

"These never-ceasing persecutions, and the dangers to which my life was exposed, determined me at length to make

make a retreat. I resolved, therefore, as well for the safety of my child and sister as my own, to return to Madrid; to let my domain, and not come back for three years, and then only for the summer season. I made them acquainted with my resolution, and they were much pleased with it.

"On the night of the day when I formed this design, I met with a misfortune which served to confirm me in it, and hasten the execution of it. I was robbed. They entered my closet at night, and took some articles of plate, and a purse containing some piastres. I had luckily taken the remainder of my money into another room in the evening, to count my little fortune, and had forgotten

ten to restore it to its accustomed place, so that it remained untouched.

" On the same morning in which I discovered the robbery, I hired a chaise, and sent my sister, daughter, and Ambrose, to Madrid, with every thing that they could carry. I gave them a letter to the bookseller, Sancha, requesting him to find a convenient lodging for them; and I desired Ambrose to return to me as soon as they were settled in it.

" When they were gone, I put all my papers in order; I surveyed my land, and having estimated its produce, I agreed to let it, together with my domain, to a brother of Balbuena's.

" Fourteen days elapsed and Ambrose did not appear. On the fifteenth came the

the dreadful event, at remembrance of which my heart bleeds a-fresh. I was indeed walking my horse in the afternoon; I had proceeded a little way in the high-road, in the hope of seeing Ambrose; but the sky becoming obscure, and there being every appearance of a storm, I returned home. The storm lasted but a few minutes, and as soon as it was over, I went into my enclosure to see if it had done any damage.....Here my heart is torn, and I can scarcely finish this dreadful story;—but it is my duty, and I must.—In recalling to my sight this most horrid image, I feel misery in its fullest force. If you know the feelings of a friend, hear me, and confess that

that no man on earth, whatever be his lot, can suffer more than I do now.

" As I was passing by a little gate of my enclosure, which leads to a thick wood, I heard several loud knocks. I opened it, and my friend Joseph threw himself into my arms! " Heavens be praised," exclaimed he, " my dear Cæsar, we are united once again! the clouds are at length dispersed, and sunshine comes to cheer us!"—" My poor Joseph," said I to him, " you are quite wet! And where do you come from then?"—" From the devil," answered he; " from Russia, from St. Petersburgh. I have not done amiss; from a common soldier I became a captain, and ....." continued he, " You are very right,

right, I am wet; the rain has penetrated my very bones:—Come let me go and change my cloaths, that is the first thing to be done.

"We soon reached the house. I aired some cloaths, and dressed him from head to foot. I placed some of my choicest wine on the table, and proceeded to cater for our supper. "The prodigal son is returned," said I, "and I must kill the fattest calf. But pray explain how, after an absence of so many years, you happened to stumble upon that little gate?"—"Mind your cooking," he answered, "the story is by far too long to be related now; we will talk of it after supper; you can hear me then without interruption. In the mean time,

time, that you may proceed faster with it, I will take a turn in your enclosure; the weather is fine now, and I must introduce myself to your trees. Your dog," added he, "won't say any thing to me?" — "Nothing," answered I; "the reception I give you is a warning to him not to take alarm at your presence: But that you may not be uneasy on his account, I will keep him here with me."—Thus I sent my friend, without defence, to meet the weapons of his murderer. Joseph was shortly no more! and it was near me that he received his death.

"As soon as this unhappy young man left the kitchen, I shut the door to prevent the dog following him. He had scarcely

scarcely left me five minutes, when the dog uttered a mournful howl, which I accounted for by supposing that he did not remember Joseph, and wanted to attack him. Alas! it was an intimation given me by this faithful creature, that my friend was at that moment struggling with his assassin! What demon blinded me I do not know; but I was deceived; and instead of abandoning the dog to his instinct, I forced him to silence. It ceased to howl, and immediately it flew against the door, and seemed to endeavour to force it with his head, but I disregarded this second warning as I had done the former. The animal became desperate on my not opening the door, and flying to the bars of the window, he actually

actually bit them for rage. I at length began to think that this violent agitation might be a signal of alarm. I held the dog by the collar, and listened with the profoundest attention; but could hear nothing. I called Joseph as loud as I could, but was only answered by the echo. Never was silence so dreadful. I listened again to distinguish his steps; the same silence still prevailed. At length, by dint of listening, I thought I heard a groan. Then it was that my mind misgave me. I hastened to the door, and, as soon as I had opened it, my dog run to the spot, which was streaming with the blood of my friend! Then coming back and howling in a most mournful manner, it led me to his bleeding

ing body. What a sight!—I beheld Joseph stretched upon the sand and weltering in his blood. He still breathed, and knew me. "What monster," said I to him .... "I do not know," he answered, in a feeble voice; "he had a mask on, Cæsar," added he: "Heaven now punishes my disregard towards my parents, and revenges their wrongs! for I was always a cause of sorrow to them, and, perhaps, hastened the period of their existence! My repentance, and the resignation with which I make this sacrifice, will, I trust ensure my pardon.—It is still a sweet consolation to me to die in the arms of my friend! Do not offend Heaven by too great excess of grief: we only part to meet again, where we never

more shall separate!—Listen to me: all you will find in my pockets are some few pieces of money, and a pocket-book, containing the certificate of my baptism, my will, and some of the kind letters you formerly wrote to me. Every thing else is in my portmanteau, which you will find at .... O God! how I suffer!" —As he uttered these words he expired. What shall I say? Can I recall to mind the actions of that dreadful moment, when all fortitude was sunk under the influence of despair, and reason was confounded by excess of grief? I bathed his body with my tears; I wandered to and fro, and knew not how to act. On a sudden, all the suspicious circumstances which you have just detailed rushed with

with force upon my mind. I saw myself surrounded by executioners; I saw myself dragged to the scaffold amidst the shouts and curses of the populace. "No, no," said I, "I will not subject my fellow-creatures to the commission of such a crime; I will not hold out my hands to be bound: the sword of justice is not in the hands of angels, but men, and may therefore fall upon my head. If my daughter and sister must be doomed to misery and shame, I will at least preserve them the sole protector which the knowledge of this horrid event will leave them. If it should ever please Heaven to make my innocence known, I shall at least have escaped shame, imprisonment, and the humiliation of a

trial Full of these thoughts, I put my horse to my chaise, and, with what property I could carry, I proceeded to Madrid, whither my dog followed me. Ambrose had set out to come to me, but I missed him on the road. After imparting to my daughter, my sister, and my friend Sancha, the sad catastrophe to which I had been a witness, they all confirmed me in my resolution to escape pursuit. When Ambrose returned, he convinced me of the expediency of seeking immediate refuge. He informed me that the animosity of the people at Aguilar was raised to the highest pitch; and that they were so enraged at finding I was gone, that they had destroyed every thing that belonged to me.

" Sancha

" Sancha advised me, as well as my sister and daughter, to change our name. He undertook to procure them a lodging. I was concealed sometimes with them, sometimes with Sancha, and sometimes amongst the monks. Josephine and her aunt pawned their jewels; I took half of the money they procured upon them and departed for Cadiz, where I embarked on board the David, which suffered a dreadful storm, in which some men were lost. I landed at a small port about two leagues from Marseilles, where I went ashore. Villenueve, the governor of Provence, happened then to be at the place; and I learned that he had received my description, and was instructed to interrogate all the passengers on board the

David; and, as I could not doubt but that the favours he had received from our government would make him zealous in the execution of his commission, I immediately hired a boat, and overtook a sloop bound for Leghorn.—I did not hesitate in my choice of a retreat. During my service with the Governor of Madrid, I contracted a friendship with one of the pages, who, shortly after, entered among the Holy Servites, by whom he was sent to Naples, where he became Superior of a convent by Mount Pausilippo, whither I repaired straight. I had kept up a regular correspondence with him, and had thereby ensured to myself a good reception. I told him what had happened; he gave me all the

consolation

consolation he was able, and put me in possession of the hermitage where Fernando found me.

" This," said Suza, in conclusion, " is the only light I can throw upon an affair which nobody has had so much reason to deplore, and from which nobody can have experienced more cruel sufferings, than myself; and this is all I have to to offer in my defence against those suspicions which circumstances have created to transform an irreproachable character into a vile assassin. I never saw the knife which you speak of; and it cannot appear strange, that in my state of agitation, and the darkness of the night, it escaped my observation. But why may it not be supposed that the assassin was

one of the wretches who robbed me? Ought not suspicion rather to light upon the man who has committed burglary, than upon him against whom no crime has ever been found.

"If, however, I am to be attacked with conjectures, I must answer them as well as I am able. What appearance is there of my having kept Joseph in my house for four years, unobserved by every body? How incredible would have been the folly of detaining him, when, by the death of his family, he became the sole heir to their titles and fortune. Why, of all the various means of accomplishing this horrid deed, should I adopt the very one which would lead soonest to detection? How can the want

of

of contrivance be accounted for, in not concealing from every eye the body, the bloody knife, and ...."

"No more conjectures," exclaimed your father, interrupting De Suza, "I will hear no more of them; I have heard sufficient. What a strange adventure!" continued Don Pedro, as he arose from his seat; "Poor unhappy Joseph!"

He then walked three or four times up and down the room; came to me, and leading me by the arm to the window,—"This history is dreadful; but this man is innocent," he said. Without waiting for my answer, he took three or four turns more; came to me again, and said, "He is innocent I tell you!" He walked a third time as he

had done the two former, came to me once more, and said, "I will not send him to Madrid; I will take good care of that." He then returned to his seat, and said to Suza, "Signor, you must have some affairs to regulate; go to your room and arrange every thing; you must not expect to see your hermitage for some time; but you can charge Fernando with your commissions, and he will perform them with care. Write to Madrid. I imagine that the presence of your daughter and sister here would be a great consolation to you, and you may stand in need of their assistance. Go, Signor; I allow you an hour; when that is expired come again to me here to know my intentions."

I attended

I attended Suza to his room where he wrote a letter to the Superior of the Servites at Mount Pausilippo, who, he said, would upon my delivering it enable me to remove what he wanted from his hermitage. He then wrote a second letter of a few lines, which he said was for his daughter, and which he would commit to the care of Don Pedro. After writing this, and arranging some of his papers, we found that the hour was expired; and accordingly went again into your father's study.

"We found him writing a letter; he saluted us with a slight inclination of his head, and finished his letter which he sealed. He then turned round to de Suza: "Signor," said he, "are all your

arrangements made?"—"Yes, Signor," answered de Suza. "All, — all, — have you any thing particular to charge me with?" — "A letter for my daughter, if you will please to send it. It is very short, but as Fernando tells me that he shall send an account of what has passed to Don Carlos, I presume that he will find a proper method of communicating it to my daughter."—"You may depend upon my son for that; your letter shall go with Fernando's. Is this all, Signor de Suza?" — "That is all."

Your father then rang his bell, and desired the servant who waited to send the captain of his guard. I was struck motionless with fear on hearing this order, but I could find no alteration in

de

de Suza. When the Captain entered, Don Pedro pointed to Cæsar de Suza, and said to him; "There is your prisoner; it is unnecessary to ask him for his arms, for he has none about him; conduct him forthwith to the castle de l' Œuf. Here is a letter which you will deliver to the governor, as well as also this, from the minister at war, authorizing this procedure. You will tell the governor, that to-night or to-morrow morning, he shall have farther instructions. Take care how you enter your prisoner in his book. It ought to run thus: '*Entered at the requisition of the Spanish Ambassador, to be delivered to him only whenever he requires.*' — Write these words that you may not forget them."

When

When the Captain had written, and your father had examined them, he was preparing to leave him. "Signor," said Suza to him, "I thought that instead of depriving me of my liberty, I should be taken back to the place I came from. — "That cannot be, answered Don Pedro," —"Signor," replied Suza, "I placed the fullest confidence in you." —"You do wisely," said your father; "I will serve you whenever I can, do not doubt it, and you may be assured Fernando will do his best to second me. —"May I know," asked de Suza, "if my detention will be long?" "I know no more than yourself," answered Don Pedro, "your liberty depends on an event which I would fain believe

believe possible; but which neither you nor I can foresee. In the mean time your confinement will not be altogether disagreeable; you shall see Fernando and whom you please, except myself."

De Suza then took leave of us. He begged me to go often to see him, which I promised most willingly; your father accompanied him to the staircase, and on returning to his study, he said to me: "Fernando, I have nothing to say to you, you may go, the remainder of the day is at your own disposal."

I took advantage of this leisure to deliver my letter to the Superior of the Servites. I found him to be a man of amiable manners; he gave me every possible assistance in the execution of my charge, which

which I completed in that and the following day, and on my taking leave, he told me, that as a friend to de Suza, I was, and should always be his.

It is quite time, my dear Don Carlos, that I should finish this long letter, which is little less than a volume. I forbear reflections, for I have not time to make any, but I cannot help observing, that your father's conduct with regard to de Suza, is quite a mystery to me. If any new misfortune should happen to him, to whom can he look for succour.

I must also tell you that the silence you persist in as to the cause of your melancholy, has afflicted your father most sensibly. I cannot conceive your reasons for it; it appears to me that no considera-

tion

tion can justify your withholding it from him. I know this is a tender string to touch upon, but who will tell you the truth, if your friend does not.

What I must particularly recommend and entreat you, my dear friend; is that you will expose yourself no more as you have done, and to be ever on your guard against the snares of this Wanderghen, who is the *leo rugiens, quærens quem devoret.*

I cannot but regret that nothing can be done for poor Balbuena; but I dare not reccommend him. If your father knew even what I have now said of him, it would not go well with me.

Note

Note from Cæsar de Suza to Josephine de Suza, his daughter, enclosed in the above.

'It is at Naples my dearest child, that I write this note. Come to me with your aunt. I know not, I cannot surmise, for what fate Heaven reserves me; but when we are all three together, our miseries must be more tolerable. I do not say more, because my time will not allow me; but a letter will be shewn to you containing a full account of all that concerns me.

'Love your dear aunt, my daughter. If Heaven should ever bless you with prosperity, you can never do too much to testify our gratitude towards her.

'Adieu my Josephine; your father is impatient to embrace you.'

LETTER

LETTER XII.

Don Pedro de Massarena to Inigo Astucia.

Naples, 19 *Sept.* 17—.

DON Carlos has no further occasion for your services. Take care, Signor, that you are not found in my house two hours after the reception of this letter.

I am informed that you contrive I know not what, against a young woman whom my son protects, from motives which I approve. If I should be once convinced that you have been concerned in any plot against her peace and happiness, the protection afforded you by my brother in-law, and which you appear to me most

most scandalously to abuse, shall not secure you from the effects of my displeasure.

Adieu, Signor; you see what your behaviour has brought upon you; take heed that you do not make your condition worse by the conduct you pursue in future.

LETTER XIII.

The same to Laurenzo Cascara.

Naples, 21 *Sept.* 17—

I FEEL the highest satisfaction, my dear and faithful servant, at the conduct you have observed with Don Carlos. Money cannot repay the services you render him; but I must pay what I owe; particularly

particularly as I know that you and your wife are not rich: and to this end I have written to my steward to add a gratuity of 300 piastres to your next quarter.

Although, my dear Cascara, you are somewhat advanced in years, and begin to feel the infirmities of age, I entreat you not to think of retirement or rest. You must see that my son, no longer having Astucia, cannot do without you, and that it would be very imprudent on my part to leave him to himself in this deep melancholy, which makes me tremble for his health. It is astonishing that you have not yet been able to discover the cause of it. Omit nothing to that end; and lose no time in informing me of it.

I do

I do not suppose that Astucia will be in my house when you receive this letter; if he should, you will make me acquainted with it.

Adieu, my dear Cascara; remember that now you are alone with my son, if he should commit any action which I should disapprove, you will be responsible.

LETTER XIV.

The same to Don Carlos, his Son.

Naples, 21 *Sept.* 17—.

I HESITATED, Don Carlos, whether I would write to you or not.— I now write for the last time. If your duty to your mother and myself, if her happiness and mine, if what we have both done for

you,

you, if all these considerations have no influence with you, let your self-interest at least prevail on you, not to offend me further by your silence; nor to heap on yourself misery upon misery. I shall say no more to you on this subject; reflect on it wisely, and return to me, if you wish that I should return to you. The cause of your affliction is a desire to obtain something, which it is either possible or impossible for you to obtain. If it be possible for you to obtain it, expect it from your father, if from the nature of it, it be unattainable, then seek my consolation and advice.

It is unnecessary now that you should be in any way concerned either with Wanderghen, or Astucia. I shall say nothing

nothing of your adventure with the former. If you had been the aggressor, I would never have forgiven you. Avoid quarrels of every description. A duelist is a vile and odious character. Fight none but the enemies of your country; leave your own to its laws.

Adieu, my son; you are very blameable if you entertain a doubt of my affection; or if you suppose that I cannot or will not render you as happy as you canbe.

LETTER XV.

The same to Spinoletta de Massarena, his Wife.

Naples, 21 *Sept.* 17—.

I ADDRESS to you my dispatches for the Court. I know one who would have

have been happy in receiving this mark of my confidence; you know him too, and will guess, without difficulty, that I mean your dear brother. I would have bestowed this honour on Don Carlos, but he does not deserve it, and I know how to dispense with those who can dispense with me.

The principal object of these dispatches is to answer the importunities with which I am teased incessantly, to find out Cæsar de Suza, and send him bound hand and foot to Madrid; I have found him, he is now in my power, and I will not send him to Madrid. My reason is that he is innocent. How does it appear that he is? This I cannot now explain, but being convinced of his innocence, I would rather assist him to fly

to the Antipodes, than deliver him up. I have taken such measures, that without a flight to the Antipodes, his safety is in my keeping.

This is what I would have understood by those who receive my dispatches. Speak with dignity and decision, and in a manner to convince them that it will be useless to say a word further on the subject. Assure them that I shall answer no letters wherein it is mentioned. I will have *carte blanche* in this affair; and if they will not grant it, I will take it. I know the extent of my prerogative; he who alone could confine it, has left it unlimited; and if even he should now send orders contrary to the conduct I observe towards de Suza, I should have

the

the courage to disobey him, because his interest would be promoted by that disdisobedience.

All this will surprise you; all this will displease many; and all this will drive Spinoletta mad: but it shall nevertheless be as I say. It is not impossible but that they may one day repent the solemnity with which they have treated this affair; and that the supreme Court of Madrid may find cause to regret having brought before them this unfortunate process, instead of leaving it to the judges, who, from the very nature of their office, were competent to decide upon it.

You are now instructed in the contents of my dispatches. Make known my intentions with becoming spirit, speak

as befits an Ambassadress; you have a right to speak out, and I shall be indebted to you for delivering me from importunities which I have already suffered too long.

I know not what to say to you, or what to advise about Don Carlos. How can we administer a remedy when we are ignorant of the cause of the complaint: something must nevertheless be determined on; I should have taken some steps before this, if it had not been for the review that is to take place next month; it is not far off, do you think we may wait till then? Pay, I entreat you, the most scrupulous attention to all his proceedings. It is possible that some extravagant passion has got footing in his heart.

heart. If it be so, there is no time to lose.

At his age the passions have a dangerous influence, and in a little time, ruin the strongest constitutions; use every means that belong to a mother to gain his confidence.

I conclude that you have put no obstacle in the way of Astucia's dismissal. Your brother, no doubt, will bluster and fume most desperately about it; but I conceive the scene that took place in St. Jerome's field, can have left you no doubt but that Astucia is a wretch of the meanest soul, and made up of hypocrisy and deceit. Spinoletto has taken Balbuena back again; let him also afford an asylum to Astucia: he is very wel-

come to receive his good gifts again, but for God's sake take no more of him.

I flatter myself that you will feel no objection to execute the commission which I have given you in charge; and that on my account you will willingly sacrifice, I do not say a whole day, the effort would be too great, but one morning of your vapours.

Adieu, madam; you see that my confidence equals my other sentiments towards you.

LETTER XVI.

Don Juan de Spinoletto to Inigo Astucia.

Araujuez, 22 *Sept.* 17—

TAKE care, Astucia; if I withdraw my protection, what will become of you?

My

My sister is incensed against you; and I make no doubt but the next post which arrives from Naples will bring you your discharge. To escape the rage of my brother-in-law and my sister, where can you find refuge but at Aranjuez? Why then neglect me? Why not strive to please the only protector you have left? What is the meaning of your conduct towards me? You feed me with brilliant promises; pretending that you can do nothing without money, you draw ducats from me every day, as if I were your steward; and it is now the 22d of Sept. and you have not kept your word.

Do you not see that the more you boast this wonderous beauty, the more you inflame my desires? It is at length

full time that I were put in possession of her; it is time that I should judge for myself, if she indeed deserve the glorious title of the "Spanish Venus," with which you have thought proper to grace her. I allow you four days more. This is the utmost term. Be it your care not to exceed it.

Call to your aid then, my dear Astucia, all the resources of your invention, and all the activity of your industry. Use your utmost diligence; it shall not go unrewarded.

You would do very wrong, my dear friend, to neglect me; for who loves you more than I do? I am the only person in the world who wish you well.

How is it with Wanderghen? They say

say he is lame in the right arm. If so, it will be doing him no service to solicit a commission for him in the Life Guards. He must turn his mind to some other place: to one of the consulships, for instance.

LETTER XVII.

Moses Wanderghen to Solomon Wanderghen his Son.

Buen Retiro, 22 *Sept.* 17—.

I AM happy to find, my dear Solomon, that your health is mended; but it is a great misfortune, that notwithstanding all the money you have spent on surgeons, they should not have compleated your cure. It will indeed be

very inconvenient not to be able to use your right arm as well as your other; and I must confess that you have great reason to be sorry for it. You must not, however, grieve too much about this accident; it is true, that it will prevent you from entering the service; but there are many situations in which you may shine as much as in the army. Would you like to be a Corrigedor, or an Alcade? Speak to me freely. I will give you money enough to buy any place you have a mind to.

Perhaps it is better, after all, that you should not enter the service. Brave and active as you are, you would always be in the way of danger; and I should have been in constant fear least a cannon-ball might

might have taken away, not your arm, but your head.

It is necessary, Solomon, that Don Juan should use the utmost haste in getting us the licence for this marquisate. An old Christian of Asturia has bid for it, and might easily take it from us. I am to give a decisive answer in four or five days; they will not wait longer, therefore manage matters accordingly.

Would you believe, my son, that in the last month, you have spent more money than I have ever done in ten years! You are too generous, Solomon; your kind heart will be the ruin of you. Luckily the year is a good one, for there never were so many poor ones before.

The quantity of articles that are brought to me daily exceeds calculation.

Your servant told me that you had thoughts of marrying; I am surprised that you never spoke to me about it. If it is so, my son, give riches the preference to beauty; all matches where the inclination alone is consulted, prove unhappy in the end. Ugliness and deformity are trifling inconveniences to the husband whose chests are well lined. Keep in mind, Solomon, that the rich alone can gather roses without thorns.

Farewell, my son, love me always, and you shall always have whatever you desire.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

Inigo Astucia to Solomon Wanderghen.

23 *Sept.* 17—.

READ this letter from Don Juan de Spinoletto.

It is astonishing that Signora Meretrica, after all her fine promises, should have brought nothing to a conclusion; and it is no less astonishing, that for these last eight days I have neither seen nor heard any thing of you; knowing, as you do, the consideration which prevents my coming to you. Let us put an end to this business, Wanderghen, it is time. Don Juan is not a man with whom we can sport with impunity. Write to me immediately,

immediately, and let me know in what position we stand, and whether you renounce all the benefits which may be heaped upon you by the Lord of Aranjuez.

LETTER XIX.

Solomon Wanderghen to Inigo Astucia.

23 *Sept.* 17—.

ALTHOUGH I have now nearly gone through all the ceremonies of a cure, I am unable to use my arm; I carry it in a sling, and there will be a weakness and pain in it all my life; which will prevent my taking any violent exercise, and consequently compel me to bid an eternal adieu to Mars. Being still then

then unable to write myself, that office is again fulfilled by my faithful secretary, under my dictation. Judge how I love the man who has reduced me to this helpless state. You will see, notwithstanding, that I have lost no time. Do not then condemn me unheard.

In the first place, do not complain of Meretrica; she is a very prudent woman, and an adept in adventures of this nature. Too much haste would have spoiled all; and a necessary delay has perfected all. The bird must be caught before it is caged. All nets were not proper to catch the one in view. At length we have contrived a snare, into which it must fall. Do not be from home; be prepared to receive it; consult

sult with Meretrica what steps you are to take when your prey is in your reach, and then the snare shall be laid. Give notice to the amiable Sybauist, of Aranjuez, that he must not absent himself, and may expect to see you every instant. I have no more to say on this subject; the affair now depends entirely on yourself.——Let us proceed to something else.

You may remember, that I promised to succeed in excluding Don Carlos from the Signora Texada; or at least to set him and the family at variance. You know that I suspected him, if not of a decided inclination, at least of a liking, for the brown Isabel. You shall know then what has happened.

Since

Since I have been sick, the cook of the good lady Texada has not failed a single day to come to me with enquiries after my health, by the desire of her mistress, and of Miss Isabella in particular, she added each time she came. I concluded, from this "*in particular*," that the lady Isabella, who is really worth a little trouble, began to think somewhat seriously of the soft words with which I have sometimes addressed her, and which she never took in ill part. What did I do? As soon as I could bend my fingers, and in direct contradiction to the orders of my surgeons, I traced, with trembling hand, the following lines to Miss Isabella:

"Stretched upon a bed of anguish, almost

almost within the grasp of death, I still derive strength from the abundance of my gratitude; I listen only to its call, and in spite of the orders of those who attend me, I seize the pen to thank you, madam, for the interest you deign to feel for an unfortunate man, who suffers much less from the anguish of his wound, than from the pains of being absent from you."

You, Astucia, would have been all haste and fury in such circumstances. Take example from me; hear with what art I have woven this little seduction. I desire that this love letter be given into her own hands. It is accordingly delivered to Miss Isabella; and a girl who receives a love-letter is half subdued. It

is,

is read, and read again; and I am answered, that nothing was done but what ought to have been done; and that it was done with pleasure. Encouraged by this slight success, I scribble a second billet to the following effect:

"Am I deceived, madam? Can the person who comes regularly to enquire of my health, have taken upon herself to mention you without being desired so to do? What tends to confirm me in this belief is, that in the first transports of my gratitude I wrote you a letter. I traced it at the hazard of my life; and you leave it unanswered. Does not this silence seem to say, that I flattered myself too far, in presuming that you took an interest in my situation? My happiness

ness has been of short duration. Ah! for mercy's sake, do not leave me in such sad suspense. If it be true, that I am so happy as to have inspired you with any feeling of interest for me, for pity's sake deign to tell me so, by a word written in your own hand; then I shall no longer doubt; then my proudest wishes will be fulfilled."

Do you perceive Astucia the ingenuity of this little scheme? — It was natural that on reading this second letter, Isabella should suppose, that the cook had forgotten to say, that what had been done was done with pleasure, and so indeed she did; what then results from her error? The following answer.

"It

"It is true, Signor, that I am sincerely sorry for your accident; and am extremely desirous of your quick recovery."

This is short; but as I read these few words, I even shuddered myself at the abyss which the thoughtless Isabella was preparing for her fall. For a girl under the guidance of her mother, to write thus to me, to me, who have vowed eternal hatred to Don Carlos, the patron of the family! to me, who am the sworn eneny of her brother! Do you see the fatal tendency of this rash act? I took care not to let go the advantages it gave me; and to this laconic answer, I replied as you will see.

"It is true then, madam, that I was not deceived! How infinite is your generosity!

nerosity! What return can I make for such repeated acts of kindness? What a note! what a delightful note you have written me! As I press it to my heart, all the seeds of health find entrance there, and a salutary balm is poured into my wound. I am released from all my pains; I shall soon recover. My cure will be your act, adorable Isabella; and the first use that I make of my return to strength, shall be to fly to your feet, and pour out the effusions of my gratitude."

You read this, Astucia, as you would read the sick list of Don Carlos's regiment; you do not see the drift of it; you do not see what I shall gain by this performance of the impassioned lover.—You shall know.—

This

This last letter remained unanswered. I was not surprized at it, I did not expect one; but the correspondence had gone too far to stop there. After the passionate, I became the languishing lover; and wrote as follows.

"What have I said? How have I suffered myself to be deluded by my excess of joy? Can I present myself before you? I forgot that I was banished from your presence! and shall I then no more be permitted to approach you? no more enjoy the music of your speech! what have I done to merit this disgrace? Have all my efforts to keep within myself the pure and honest sentiments with which you have inspired me, have they, I say, deserved this cruel recompense?"

You

You will ask me, what I mean by this rhapsody; I intended that Isabella should ask me also. She did not fail; I received in answer these words.

"Why will you not come to see us? You have not been forbidden either by my mother, or myself."

Your epistle are laconic, Miss Isabella, said I to my self on reading the above; but I will contrive to make you talk at a greater length. Observe, however, with what address I managed matters, from day to day, and how smoothly I proceeded step by step. I begin by making her write to me, there is one point gained; I next make her invite me, that is another. But let us proceed. — In reply to these words, I wrote as follows:

"Let

" Let me speak, madam, without disguise or constraint, and permit me to entreat of you to imitate my openness. Circumstanced as I am with Don Carlos, can I consistently with common prudence expose myslf daily to a *tetê-a-tetê* with him? I have proved that I do not fear him, but you would yourself be unwilling to oblige me to the repetition of a similar scene. The respect I have for you would awe me in your presence; but I should suffer, and you would be sorry to witness my sufferings. Besides we might meet each other either in going in or coming out; it would be a state of perpetual uneasiness, and you are too good to doom me to such a martyrdom. Pronounce then madam, between Don Carlos and myself.

He has the happiness of being admitted daily to your presence, if he continues in the enjoyment of it after my recovery, ought not I to conclude, that I am rejected by you, and that you forbid me to appear before you? Your answer to this question is perhaps of more importance, than you may consider."—Now Astucia, do you comprehend?— Do you see how the rash one in receiving my letter, obliges herself to surrender shortly after either to Don Carlos or to me. You cannot see that, do you say? Very well, it shall appear to you clearer than the light. O Astucia! this is an important lesson to all young ladies who are tempted to receive and write letters. What answer could Isabella return to this my

last

last epistle? Precisely that she did; here it is:

"I am sorry that it should be so, Signor; but you cannot require us to shut our door against Don Carlos, who is the patron of our family, and my brother's friend. Would not you do well to adjust your difference with him? It might not perhaps prove so difficult if you were to use your endeavours."

You perhaps may suppose me conquered: not at all. I expected this objection; I wished it to be offered. The answer I made gave me all the advantage I could hope for. — Read it.

"If, madam, by sacrificing my just resentment against Don Carlos, you and myself would gain our end; doubt not,

but I would make the sacrifice with joy. Had I the least reason to suppose that it was your wish; I should submit to it with resignation. As to the difference with Fernando, it is a trifle unworthy to be mentioned, and that difficulty can be removed whenever it is your pleasure. Are you desirous of proving whether or not, I am wholly devoted to your will? dictate yourself the letter which you wish me to write to Don Carlos, and I will write it without a moment's deliberation; I will make whatever advances you may think proper to direct. But in suffering this humiliation shall I be thereby enabled to maintain a title which it is impossible we should both pretend to with success? Allow me to explain this question. —

When

When two young men are every day admitted to pay their court to a lady, young, amiable, and handsome, as you are, they certainly have their views; they are rivals. Do not be offended with the term; necessity obliges me to use it; the time is come for Don Carlos and myself to explain the true motives for the daily visits which we avail ourselves of your kind permission to pay to you. I will proclaim mine freely;—I am sole heir of a father exceeding rich; I have hopes of bestowing the title of Marchioness on the lady, who shall deign to unite her fate to mine. I lay my fortune and my hopes at your feet; accept them, and my designs will be accomplished. I have no other, I declare to you. What are Don

Carlos' views? Desire him to explain them; but do not flatter yourself that that they are as honest as mine. The son of an Ambassador, the nephew of Spinoletto, and a Colonel, cannot descend in the prospects he contemplates; he soars above; and will never form an union but with a person whose father ranks foremost in the list of nobility. Still, however, Don Carlos is my rival; I have clearly proved it; what are his pretences then? What does he pretend? He certainly does not seek a wife, but a....

"The respect I owe you, madam, prevents me from proceeding; at all events, condescend to follow the advice which I have the honour to give, and summon him to an explanation. If his intentions

be

be as pure as mine, if his ideas of greatness do not prevent him from forming an alliance with your family; it is but just that he should have the prefere to me, who cannot raise you so high. Immediately then that you inform me of his resolution, I yield my place to him. I shall be alone regardful of your happiness; all I dare to ask is that the experiment be made without loss of time. Being urged by my father on account of family arrangements and several powerful considerations to make my choice, I cannot long delay resolving how to act."

Well what do you think of this? Can Texado's sister drawback? A marriage for a girl of her age, and who does not like the vow of chastity, is not

a thing to be missed; it is an opportunity to be seized by the forelock. Thus did Isabella immediately on the receipt of my letter. The mother writes to Don Carlos, informing him that she finds herself obliged to think of establishing her eldest daughter, and must therefore necessarily dispense with the visits of every gentleman, except the one who seeks her in marriage.

To this Don Carlos answers that as Fernando's friend, he is entitled to be consulted on an affair, wherein his honour and happiness are so nearly concerned; and concludes, by asking if the choice be made, and who is the person intended for his friend's brother-in-law. "If," says he "your choice be not fixed, why

why this haste to shut your door against your family's best friend? If it be, deign to tell me on whom it has fallen, and believe that I will conduct myself in such a manner, as to give you no cause of disquietude or alarm."

This was not exactly the answer which Signora Texada, or her dear daughter, perhaps expected. It evidently manifests a degree of pique, which, to discerning eyes, implies a great deal; and I have now no doubt but that Don Carlos really had the designs I hinted at in my last letter to Isabella. It is not at all improbable, either that the good woman Texada had conceived hopes of becoming mother-in-law to the son of the stately Don Pedro de Massarena. So much vanity enters

the heads of this Texado breed, that Figuera Texada might easily have been so foolish. I have no doubt, but that if Don Carlos had hinted that he would have degraded himself by an alliance with such a family, I should have been dismissed *ipso facto*, notwithstanding my future marquisate. It appears to me pretty plain, from the answer given by the mother to Don Carlos' letter, that she really had a notion of his being tempted to become her son-in-law. You have here a copy of it:

"The confidence which it is our duty to place in you, obliges me to confess, that the gentleman who seeks my daughter in marriage considers you as his rival. We are far from presuming to hope for

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an honour so much above us; but such a notion has certainly entered the head of the person who has made proposals to my daughter. I feel, however, bound in justice to him to state, that he promised, in case it should appear that he was placed in competition with you; that is to say, that your views were the same as his; he would not contend with you, but would withdraw his pretensions. My reason for not mentioning his name, was, because it might not prove agreeable to you. I now hold myself bound to inform you, that it is Signor Solomon Wanderghen who is desirous of entering into our family. I sincerely regret that he is not honoured with your friendship, and that consideration would have been

sufficient, under other circumstances, for me to have forbidden my daughter to listen to his proposals. But being obliged to provide a sum for my younger daughter, who is about to take the veil, I am unable to do much for the elder. Wanderghen himself, being very rich, will be content with what I can afford with convenience, and my daughter will enjoy the satisfaction of having made an advantageous match, and of becoming independent of me.

"These are the powerful considerations by which I have been guided; and your good will for my family makes me hope most ardently that you will not disapprove them."

Don

Don Carlos replies as a man proud and indignant.—Here it is.

" I shall say nothing, madam, upon the choice you have made, least I should say too much. No; I will certainly never meet this man, either at your house or any where else. I have the greatest esteem for Miss Isabella, and affection for all your family; but I am no rival of Wanderghen's. Let not your dear daughter be offended by what I say; but let her be persuaded, that Wanderghen himself does not suppose that I am his rival. And do not you, madam, be so very regardful of fortune, as to lose sight of the various considerations which should always be attended to in an union that ends but with life. Let

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it be your first care to be well assured of the sincerity of the intentions which are manifested. I will speak freely, and declare that I have no faith in them. If they be honest and sincere, still that is not enough: riches alone can never ensure your daughter's happiness.

"Farewell, madam; I shall forbear to visit you in future, since you apprehend that my presence may prove prejudicial to a marriage which I never look to. Though removed from you, I shall offer prayers for Miss Isabella's happiness, which I will always use my endeavours to promote, though at the risk of your displeasure."

In addition to all this epistolary trash, the poor Isabella sends some of her own, clearly

clearly evincing the sorrow she feels at my having expelled Don Carlos. Read, and judge.

" You see, Signor, that I have conformed to your desires. I trust that you will estimate this compliance as you ought, and will not be insensible to the greatness of the sacrifice which I have made for your sake. No man can be more amiable than Don Carlos. He possesses the most excellent qualities, untainted by a single blemish. He is an incomparable young gentleman. To have the satisfaction of pleasing you, I deprive myself of his society, which was certainly very agreeable; and I, perhaps, deprive my family of a friend from whom it had the greatest expectations.

I could

I could not do more for you, and I trust you will estimate what I have done with becoming gratitude. I have too good an opinion of you to suppose that there is any truth in the suspicions Don Carlos expresses as to your intentions. It is true, that you have often told us you would never marry; but when you tell me you have changed your resolution, I cannot but believe you; I am persuaded that you are too much of a gentleman to disregard an engagement of so sacred a nature as that which you have entered into with me. I expect your answer with the utmost impatience."

Did not I tell you, Astucia, that I would make poor Isabella talk at greater length? You would fain know how I

have

have conducted myself since I received this last favour. The hisstory is not long. I did not satisfy the lady's impatience, I returned no answer; I was too much piqued at the *incomparable young gentleman,* and the importance attached to the sacrifice. I caused it to be proclaimed, that my hand was too weak to write, and that I would myself be the bearer of my answer when I was able to get out; which is precisely what I mean to do. But if I catch, I will not be caught. I am more cunning than Signora Texada. Her daughter is now more in my power than in her's; I will bring her to my end; but that end shall not be marriage.

There is a family shall long have cause

to

to remember me; and Fernando shall be convinced, that it would have been better to have preserved my friendship than to have provoked my enmity. Was there ever situation more glorious? In gratifying my ardent love of vengeance, I luxuriate on the most delightful pleasures; Venus crowns me with her myrtle, and no envious rival seeks to interrupt my joys.

Such, Astucia, is the state of affairs; life is a perpetual strife; the world we live in is the field of battle; the human race, from nation to nation, from man to man, is ever at war. Since fate will have it so, let us fight; let us wound; but let us take care that we are not wounded; being always mindful that

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the grand art of this war is to turn to our own advantage the injury we do to our neighbours; to make to ourselves nectar of the tears which flow from those we wound.

There is still in this family a little Rosolia whom I have scarcely seen, being she is always shut up in a convent. I must be acquainted with her too. She is a sister of Texado, and that is sufficient to recommend her to my notice—But how shall I reach her? How? Why, I will go boldly to the convent. If they refuse me entrance at the door, I will scale the walls. My first visit shall be to Isabella; my second to Rosolia; that is fixed.

Still, Astucia, it is not from me, but you

you, that Fernando has taken away a secretaryship; yet I contrive and execute a scheme of vengeance which belongs exclusively to you. You enjoy the free use of all your limbs, and a thriving state of health; yet you are as inactive as a block of marble; whilst I, whom my wound constrains to a state of inaction, have a strength of activity which puts you to shame; and, to make the wonder more compleat, turns all to your advantage. Take heed, however, if you are so pacific with your enemies, they will devour you, and 'tis time you should look to yourself. I see a storm gathering over your head; it comes from Naples; I hear the thunder roar already. Hie thee to a shelter; save yourself either

either at Morocco or Smyrna. Your packets should be already made up, and you have not yet perhaps got your appointment. Verily, Signor Astucia, your patron serves you ill, or you are most inexcusably indolent.

As for myself, I aspire to a more brilliant fate. I disdain the offer of the Sybarist of Aranjuez; I will remain in my own country, and make it echo with my name. Tell Don Juan, that if I have not a rank in the service, I must have some eminent station; some important trust at court, without prejudice to the licence for purchasing the marquisate.

Apropos, would you think that the wretched Ambrose came to see me?—His constitution is as tough as a hide; death

death has not been able to make any impression on it: he is as well as yourself, and that is not saying a little. He threw himself at the feet of my bed; he cried abundantly, and beseeched me not to reveal what I knew about him. We must keep this fellow, he may be useful to us. I promised him pardon, on condition that he would come to me every day to know if I had any orders for him; and that in case he should leave Sancha, he would inform me where he went to. I added, that if he would observe these conditions, I would not only grant him pardon, but would even consider him as being in my service, and would allow him three rials per day for wages. He promised me every thing, and said I know

know not what about his probity and gratitude. I immediately paid him three rials by way of earnest. The sight of the money had a wonderful effect upon his low-born soul; he stretched out his hand, and gazed upon me as if I had been of more than mortal mould. He pocketed his three rials, and renewed his oath of allegiance to me. Thus the scoundrel is mine.

I had nearly forgotten to tell you, that having learned from Signora Texada's greasy messenger, that Isabella was in great distress at not receiving a written answer; I thought it but right to comfort the afflicted fair one, and, to that end, sent her a box containing a pair of rich brilliant ear-rings. You will say

that

that this present was costly; so it was, but I did not expect the box would have been opened; or if it were, I thought they would lose no time in returning its contents; in which case my generosity would have been extolled, and would have cost me nothing. But it was not so; the present was accepted as a wedding gift, and I was paid with thanks. A curse upon them! What a greedy family it is! But I do not lavish my bounty thus on undeservers; and since she has been silly enough to keep what certainly was not intended for her, I must receive some other payment than her thanks.

Adieu, Signor Astucia; as soon as Meretrica summons you to your post do not fail to inform me. I expect to go

out

out for the first time to-morrow, or the day after.

LETTER XX.

Inigo Astucia to Solomon Wanderghen.

24 *Sept.* 17—.

TO-MORROW morning, at seven o'clock, my dear Wanderghen, the Signora Meretrica will fulfil my desires, and, on the following night, Don Juan's will likewise be fulfilled. I enjoy his surprise already; I am persuaded that his expectations will be greatly exceeded. I doubt not but the recompense will be proportioned to the enchanting beauty of the object, and the boldness of the measures which have made me the mas-

ter of her. I must confess, I stood in great need of this adventure to reinstate myself in fortune's good graces, for she had nearly abandoned me. Don Juan began to lose patience and be out of humour; and I think, like him and yourself, that the first post from Naples will bring my dismissal in true form. I have now wherewith to console me, and you shall not be forgotten. Depend upon it, that in the transports of his joy, Don Juan will do all you ask him.

Adieu, my dear Wanderghen, let us act in unison for our mutual interest. *Vis unita fortior.*

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

The same to Don Juan de Spinoletto.

Madrid, 24 *Sept.* 17—.

PREPARE the altar to-morrow night; the victim will be at the sanctuary. I shall not assist at the sacrifice; I shall be obliged to return with all diligence to Madrid; I hold it right to attend to Don Carlos till I am discharged from my office, which will, as you say, take place 'ere long; but, when that happens, your kind protection will make me ample amends for the little I shall lose, which I certainly shall not regret. You are aware, that if I suffer the humiliation of being sent away, it will be for having done as you desired me.

I have also to acquaint you, that Don Carlos has been forced to quit the road to Texado's house. You have now, therefore, all that you wished for; he has fought; he is driven from the Texado set, and to-morrow will give to your arms a rarer beauty than ever graced the Seraglio of an eastern monarch. Great services are worthy great rewards. That which I shall receive at your hands will make me serve you with redoubled zeal. As poor Wanderghen has given me material assistance on these occasions, I beg to recommend him to your bounty. He expects some good place at court, not forgetting the licence for the purchase of Rio Bello.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

Solomon Wanderghen to Signor Astucia.

24 *Sept.* 17—.

A THOUSAND congratulations to Signor Astucia. I hope he will have a prosperous journey, and will know how to profit by the occasion, to make his patron provide for him a lot beyond the reach of chance. I shall make my first appearance in the open air to-morrow. Isabella shall witness the first rays of convalescence in me. This arm in a sling will make me more interesting, and I hope to dispose her without much difficulty to pay me for the ear-rings. I shall also find out means to get at the little Rosolia.

Confess, Astucia, that we are two thorough rascals; and that, with Ambrose Hombrenegro, we form a triumvirate formidable to the repose of families. Still we do nothing that we ought not to do for our support and advancement in the world. We must surely fight those by whom we are fought. If I associate with you and myself the infamous Ambrose, it is not as a colleague, but as the subordinate executioner of our high and mighty will; and there are enterprizes where such villains are absolutely necessary. Have not those who govern their bailiffs, their archers, and hangmen, and does not that prove that all means are good, provided the end be obtained?

This

This wretch, Ambrose, told me very seriously, that after having reflected maturely upon the caprice of the public taste, he had really renounced all literary pursuits. The fellow thinks most sincerely that he is worthy a rank in the list of immortal authors. He told me too, that he was disgusted with the life he led at Sancha's, and that he had taken a fancy to carrying a musquet. This arises from his having seen some men of Don Carlos' regiment newly cloathed, who, as is usual with people of this description, have assured him that nothing is so delicious as eating off a wooden trencher. I gave him a strict injunction not to let it be known that he had seen me, and to do his utmost to slip into Don Carlos'

regiment. He may be useful to me there. He could not conceive how I had discovered Josephine's address; and when I told him, he answered very gravely, "Ah! I do not wonder at it; I was possessed of an unclean spirit. My complaint was only a possession of the devil; and had there been any one present to exorcise me, you would not have known what you do." Judge, Astucia, if there ever were a head like this, and if he who carries it may not be persuaded to any thing.

As to Balbuena, I have thought proper to employ him no longer. He is only fit for an alehouse, and good for nothing but to make one laugh; he is of no service in any important measure, and

all

all the gold in the world can never banish from his heart the gratitude which he thinks he owes to Texado. Do you be cautious on your part of trusting any matter of the least consequence to this drunken blockhead; be ever upon your guard against the fund of affection which he preserves for the Secretary of Legation.

Adieu, Signor Astucia, we have talked too long; it is time to act.

LETTER XXIII.

Don Carlos de Massarena to Fernando Texado.

Madrid, 21 *Sept.* 17—.

ARM yourself with fortitude, my dearest friend, I have nothing but di-

sasters to communicate. I am myself overcome by them, and am become an object of pity to all who see me. My mother is in despair at the state to which I am reduced, and Cascara bewails it with tears. It is my cruel fate to make wretched those whom most I love. What a baneful acquaintance is this with the execrable Wanderghen! He attacks you in all that you esteem most dear. My head is so bad, and my mind so disturbed, that it is with the utmost difficulty I can put in order the sad account which it is my task to give you.

In my last letter I promised that you should soon receive another from me. I have not been able to keep my word, because my interview with Josephine and her

her aunt has been attended with much more difficulty than I then expected. But before I speak of these ladies, let me say a word about your sister Isabella. This wretch, Wanderghen, has bewitched her mind, and persuaded her that he is desirous of marrying her; and what makes the case more desperate is, that your mother is herself entrapped in the snare. This rascal is a bold and dangerous seducer; he employs all his wits to the injury of his fellow creatures. He is left master of the field; and God knows how he will demean himself in it. I have been obliged to surrender to him in consequence of two letters written me by your mother, which, although perfectly polite, are nevertheless very ex-

traordinary; so that, my dear friend, I am deprived of the only consolation your absence afforded me, that of talking with your dear parents about you; the door of your house is shut against me; and, to make my misery more complete, it is opened to an abandoned villain, who would hesitate at nothing to spread desolation in your family. On passing by your house yesterday, I met your mother's servant, who told me that Wanderghen had sent your sister a pair of brilliant ear-rings, and that she had been imprudent enough to accept them. She little thinks, that by so doing, she puts herself in her seducer's power. What evil consequence may not be presumed from this single act!—Still, however,

ever, let us not despair for poor Isabella's safety. There still is one authority which she, perhaps, may not contemn, and which may bring her back to better thoughts. My father being absent, I supplicate my mother day and night to interpose her's. She is very averse to this measure; but I think that her affection towards me, will at length prevail with her to adopt it. I only wish that our succours may be timely, that Wanderghen may not have gone too far for us to overtake him.

Let us now proceed to unfortunate Josephine. I told you that my interview with her had met with great difficulties. Doctor San Domingo could not for a long time prevail either on herself or her

her aunt to see me. Sancha united his entreaties to the doctor's, without being able to conquer their aversion to a visit, of which they said, they could not see the utility. At length either to relieve themselves from further importunity, or to shew their deference for Sancha, whom they esteem highly, they consented. It was agreed that I should go there in the morning on foot, and plainly dressed; that San Domingo should introduce me, and that I should neither take Astucia, nor any gentleman of my age. I agreed to these conditions, in which I saw nothing unreasonable. The only companion I took was Cascara, whose age and sedateness I considered more calculated to satisfy, than alarm the ladies, as I thereby

thereby proved; that wishing to say nothing but in the presence of such a witness, they could have no reason to take offence at my visit.

Accordingly the doctor, Cascara, and myself, set off from our house. San Domingo was as merry as usual; but for myself, as I approached to the street Bahutiers, I felt I know not why, a more than usual sadness. After some time we arrived at a perfumer's shop; we entered a dark narrow passage, and climbed up an immense height, for my legs were excessively tired when we reached Josephine's door San Domingo pulled a bell, and after waiting a little, the door was opened to us by the aunt. "How!" said the doctor, "is it you? You are something

thing stronger then" — "I am better," answered she, "I can use my legs, and I hope in a few days to get into the streets, and give my niece a little rest." — "Is she visible?" asked the doctor. — "Certainly," said the aunt, "you know that she expected a visit from Signor Don Carlos."

This little dialogue took place in an anti-chamber of about six feet square, I observed to the left, through a glass door, a little kitchen which received its light from the anti-chamber; of which all the utensils seemed uncommonly clean.

The aunt asked us to go into the room where her niece was; but I declined doing so till I had been announced. "I will perform that office," said San Domingo,

mingo, who immediately went in. I heard him say to Josephine; "I have brought you a charming young gentleman my pretty niece, but you blush already; recover yourself a little, or he will think that you are frightened at him." — "Why does not he come in?" answered Josephine, upon which I presented myself, attended by Cascara. The room we entered, was the aunt's bed-chamber; it was of a very good size, and the furniture was uncommonly neat and clean, but of a plainness which was far from indicating opulence; a paper tapestry, calico window curtains which matched extremely well with the paper; a chest of drawers, a secretary, a table, a piano forte, and a few painted chairs, formed the whole of the

the furniture. Opposite to the door by which we had entered, was one which I at first immagined led to other apartments; but Josephine having left it open, I perceived a place which might be more properly termed a closet than a room; where it seems Josephine sleeps. I observed it contained a small book case, which might hold about fifty volumes. I looked in vain for clock or watch; I saw some music spread upon a chair, and on another, I saw all that characterizes the business of a sempstress, which convinced me that on this point Sancha had told me the truth.

Such, my dear friend, is the asylum of your Josephine; it is the asylum of misery! My heart was torn when I contemplated

templated her and her aunt, and cast my eyes around me. I can conceive it possible, that reasonable people may not be unhappy if they enjoy what are termed the necessaries of life; but they must at least be had, and I suspect these ladies have them not. I suspect that they suffer more than one privation, and that as Sancha told me, they need their most industrious efforts to live at all.

These details, my dear friend, are afflicting; but if I spared them, you would have to reproach me with not telling all that it imports you to know. The manner in which these ladies were dressed, corresponded with the simplicity of the furniture.

When

When we went in, Josephine was making chocolate. As soon as I appeared, she quitted her occupation, and made a low courtesy, blushing to the eyes. Her aunt, who seemed to observe that my salutation embarrassed her, said to her; "set the table child, and I will finish the chocolate." — Upon which Josephine drew a table into the middle of the room, upon which she placed five cups. "Madam," said I, "you expect company to breakfast then?" — "No other than you and the other gentleman," she answered. I thanked them for the honour they had done me which I told them I did not expect. But then I added, there is one cup too many; the good man who is with me requires

quires more solid food, and he ensured some before he came out.

The breakfast passed very silently, and I took the opportunity to take a view of the ladies. The aunt, though not in the bloom of youth, and although scarcely recovered from a long and serious illness, has still preserved its freshness. If San Domingo had not told me that she was thirty-two years old, I should not have thought her more than twenty-four or five. Her shape is handsome, and carriage majestic, her eyes are black and of a good size, her mouth is small and her teeth perfect; her hair is black and curls naturally, her face is somewhat long, and she has an aquiline nose; her complection rather swarthy, but altogether she is a fine

fine woman. Her manners at first are grave and cold; nature, or perhaps some moral cause has spread an air of indifference over her countenance, which might easily be construed into disdain. Josephine has nearly the same air of indifference, but in other respects she bears no resemblance to her aunt. Her hair is of a bright chesnut colour, her eyes and mouth are of most excellent proportion, and there is an expression of melancholy in her look, which increases the interest of her appearance. Her skin is of a whiteness that dazzles, and the colour that graces her cheeks surpasses the lily in freshness and delicacy; as to her teeth, they are as even and regular as your's, and still more bright. A dimple which graces each cheek, gives

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to her smile an inexpressible charm; in short no one can be said to be more handsome; no one can be considered more amiable.

When breakfast was over, the aunt asked me if the witness I had brought was intended to take part in our conversation. "Madam," answered I, "this honest man is an old servant of my father's, he was the friend of the family before I made one of it. My father has a high esteem for him, and I make him no stranger to what I do or say; I take him with me every where, and I flatter myself you will not disapprove the motive which induced me to bring him here. You might fear that if a young man of my age was seen to visit you, slander might form some

some ridiculous conjecture from the circumstance, not very favourable to your dear niece. But when it is known that I come attended by a man of maturer years, calumny will have no hold. If however, you are in the least desirous of it, he will wait in the anti-room till our conversation is ended." — "Not at all," answered the aunt, "I beg he may not stir; since he has your confidence, let him have our's also; but I must confess I am not aware that we can either of us have any thing to say of a confidential nature.

"We were requested to let this meeting take place, and I consented to it, because there are seasons and situations when one must consult the will of others rather than

than our own. But I know not what you can promise to yourself from this meeting; and as for myself, I freely confess that I have nothing to say, unless to express my surprize at your earnestness to discover and visit our poor abode. Well, Signor, you have now entered this abode, and you see people in a condition which is far from prosperous. If this can be any gratification to you who are brought up in splendour and opulence, you may indulge in it; but I think better of you, than to suppose that your heart can receive pleasure from sights like these. Is my niece then the ject of your curiosity? What is there so extraordinary in seeing a young girl work the whole day, and sometimes half the night, to furnish her relations wherewith to subsist? What

can there be in that, at all interesting to you? We are not of Madrid, Signor; the provincial towns do not afford so much employment to people of our sex and calling, as may be met with in so large a city; and it cannot therefore be surprising that we should live in the capital; nor is it more surprising that in our domestic affairs, we wish to avoid the inspection and scrutiny of the curious; it is not surely so uncommon to find families who have secrets. The Doctor there, and Signor Sancha, told us that you had been pleased to offer us your protection; we feel the highest respect for your family, both on account of the rank it holds in the world, as of the good character it bears; but I beg to assure you that we do not stand in need of your protection.

tection. And against whom would you protect us then? Against a wretch who has put your life in danger, and received his recompense in the wound you gave him. If you could not be your own protector, how should you protect my niece and me? And is this Signor Wanderghen so terrible a man? does he imagine that government has denied us the protection and safeguard of the laws, and that we are to be outraged with impunity? He has already made one attempt to disturb our quiet, and has had recourse to the basest means; if he failed in that, how shall he succeed now?"

Josephine listened to her aunt, with the most earnest attention, who, on finishing what concerned me, held out her arms to her niece, saying, "embrace

me, my niece, my dear girl; fear nothing, God is for you."

"Very well," said the Doctor, getting up, "but all this time my patients die, and it is better that they should be ill than dead; for when they are dead they pay nothing, having no more need of visits."—"It would however, be desirable Doctor," said the aunt, "you should hear our conversation out."—"Not all," answered the doctor, "I know it as well as I know my Hypocrates, without having heard a syllable. Adieu, charming niece, I leave you with a very noble gentleman, and I hope that you will one day have reason to thank me for introducing him to your acquaintance. In the mean time I wish you would cleanse his heart from a foul melancholy,

lancholy, that is very afflicting to his mamma. You will succeed in the cure, if you will but undertake it." —" My niece," said the aunt, " is ill calculated for the task." — As soon as the Doctor disappeared, I took up the discourse; and spoke to the aunt, as follows.

" It is not with a view, madam, of penetrating into family secrets that I am come here. I have been influenced by no personal motives. I will be true and candid, in all I shall say to you: although young, I have had occasion to remark, that the surest way of proving the innocence and purity of our designs is to speak openly, and without the least reserve; and such is the rule I shall now adopt. If in the course of what I have to say, I should call a blush from the modesty

of your niece. I trust she will pardon me, in consideration of the necessity I am under of avoiding all disguise.

" The Doctor, and Signor Sancha, have no doubt told you, and if they have not, here is a man who will affirm it; that Fernando Texado is my intimate friend; is indeed a brother to me, that my father bears him the same affection he bears me, and that he makes no distinction between us. Being acquainted with this fact, it must appear very natural to you that I should attend to Fernando's interests; and I do attend to them I assure you, more than to my own.

" Now, madam, before I proceed any further, allow me to ask you, if you have any objection to bring forward against Fernando?

Fernando? or if you have heard any? I beg you will speak without disguise."—"None at all," answered the aunt, in an animated tone. "The wicked Wanderghen himself, urged nothing to his prejudice; and to shew you that I am disposed to imitate your frankness, I will confess, that far from having received any impression against your friend's principles and character, I am greatly prepossessed in his favour. His manners and appearance from what little I know of them, appear to me very becoming. Are you satisfied with my sincerity?"

"Thank Heaven," answered I, "now we begin to understand each other. Fernando, as well as myself, had, if you remember right, the happiness of seeing you at Buen Retiro; and I think I have

heard him say, that since that time he had once or twice occasion to speak to you. Be this as it may, he could not look upon your niece, without being deeply smitten with her beauty. I do not mean this as a compliment, nor do I see any thing in it madam, either to offend or astonish you; it would indeed be much more astonishing, that any one should behold the lady with indifference. You can no more condemn Fernando's designs, than his passion; because those designs are as pure as his heart. Let us call things by their right name; he was desirous of being acquainted with your niece, that if he should have no reason to suppose her averse to such proposals, he might ask her in marriage. My father, being informed of his passion, resolved

that

that Fernando should accompany him to Naples. Absence has had no effect in extinguishing the flame; and he still maintains his resolution of soliciting an union with Miss Josephine. But before he could accomplish this, it was necessary to have access to you; and how could that access be gained without knowing your address? My friend entreated me to make the discovery, and I have my father's express commands to inform him who you are.

" In compliance then with the request of my friend, and in obedience to the commands of my father, I sought the means of introducing myself to you. The object of my mission is to know, if on your part, or that of your niece, there

exists any insurmountable obstacle to the accomplishment of Fernando's wishes.

"I am grieved, madam, to hold a conversation which cannot but be distressing to the lady; but what can I do in such a case. It is a duty unpleasant for me to perform, and for you to witness; but when I declare freely all I have to say, we shall both know better how to proceed, and shall make no false step. I shall therefore proceed to the point.

"On the part of Fernando, there exsists no difficulty to his union with Miss Josephine; his particular qualifications you are not acquainted with; but believe me, when I assure you, that no one can possess more estimable, or more amiable. He has other advantages: he owns a name

which

which his father's uncommon merit has rendered illustrious. Though at the early age of twenty-two, he fills one of the first places in the diplomatic body; and even though he should rise no higher, that is alone sufficient to insure such an offer from disdain. But be assured, madam, that my father who is much esteemed at Court, both can and will elevate him to a post still more eminent. Independent, however, of any place, the lady who should honour him with her hand, could not be taxed with indiscretion in her choice, since he has always a claim to half my fortune; which even confined to its present state, is by no means contemptible. It remains then to be known, if on your part there be no obstacle to this

union. I touch upon a tender string, but I have begun with too much frankness not to continue in the same tone. Your situation, if I may judge from appearances, is not, as you say, prosperous. I am however, inclined to suspect that you have known better days, that you were not born to such a condition, but that some misfortune which you are interested to conceal the cause of, has reduced you to your present unwelcome state. If you remember seeing me with Fernando at St. Ildephonso, you will allow that my suspicions are not void of foundation. but setting aside all these considerations, the principal objection would perhaps be, if I should be doomed to the dreadful task of writing to Fernando to

renounce

renounce the hope he has conceived, and will not let go."

"Upon my word, Signor Don Carlos," exclaimed the aunt, interrupting me, "your equal is not to be found in all Spain. Do you know that you are a most extraordinary man? You speak very bluntly, and without much caution, and still there is no taking offence at it. I must however, tell you, that my niece is no match for your friend; that she has no intention of marrying; that she and myself are condemned to work, and that we will work. This is all that it is possible for us to inform you. Any attempt to know more will be vain and importunate."

"Madam," replied I, "allow me to say that

that you are in a mistake. I do not attempt to know any thing; I do not ask whether or not the lady's generosity will leave my friend any hope; whether the indigence I now witness be real or affected; if the profession which you appear to exercise be really your profession, or if I am right in presuming, that what I saw at St. Idephonso denotes that you are a victim to misfortune. I do not ask information on any one of these points. I shall content myself by writing to my father and my friend what I have seen, what I have said, and what I think. Heaven will do the rest; and though I may regret not having contributed to my friend's happiness, I shall at least have the consolation of being free from reproach."

proach."—"In that case, Signor," said the aunt to me, "we have no more to say to each other."

"Pardon me, madam," answered I, "I have something to say not unworthy your attention. I have hitherto spoken for Fernando; I shall now speak for yourself. You do not sufficiently regard the malice of the desperate Wanderghen."—"Why, how can his malice affect us?"—"Every way."—"He does not even know where we live."—"He does; one Balbuena, whom he sometimes regales, assured me that he knew your address."—"What interest can he have in troubling us?"—"The desire of doing wrong; the pleasure of afflicting Fernando and myself by the injuries he

he does to you. Such is his disposition. His manners are not less detestable. He is a fellow who makes a boast of his debauchery. He has a little garden near the gate of Alcala, which he calls his seraglio; and so indeed it is, for ...."— "Good heavens! What do you tell me? It was to that very place that the monster invited myself and niece, by a letter, which he contrived to convey to her pocket, when we met him with Fernando. You may easily suppose that I did not answer it; but I have it still— read it"

So saying, she took a letter out of a drawer and gave it to me. It is Wanderghen's hand, and the insolence of his style is intolerable. Observe, that at the

the time of writing this, he was, or seemed to be, your friend.

After reading the letter, I continued thus: "This single act is sufficient to shew you what base designs may be conceived by such a man; and, when his head has once given birth to one, his heart will never be at rest till it is executed. He is intriguing, dexterous, active, and persevering." — "But what means can you suggest to secure us from the outrages of this wretch?" — "The only way would be for yourself and niece to accept an asylum which I have in view." — "Ah! Signor Don Carlos, you cannot mean it; I am sorry you should have made such a proposal; for, till now, you reasoned well." — "Pardon

don me, madam, I have duly reflected on what I am saying, and I hope to reason well to the end."—"And where is this asylum, pray?"—"My mother's house. Should you feel any objection to become her companion, and conform to her way of life, of seldom going abroad? The society of Miss Josephine would be very agreeable to her, and she would there find all the advantages of education that she could desire. You would find this arrangement attended with another advantage, which is, that if any misfortune has befallen you, connected with what I saw at St. Ildephonso, which I must still believe to be the case, if, I say, the misfortune be of a reparable nature, my mother's influence may facilitate your remedy.

remedy. At present, this proposal comes from myself only; for I judged it right to obtain your consent before I mentioned it to my mother; but, be assured, that if I have your's, her's will follow. I know the power of her affection for me."—"No, no," answered she; "you are indeed a generous mortal, but such an honour was never intended for us. We will not go to your mother's; we will never intrude our sorrows in the temple of fortune; our poverty under the roof of splendour. Our misery is great, it is dreadful, it is irreparable; and finally, it is such that we can only discourse of it with God alone! we must not confide it either to your mother or any other person."

Josephine,

Josephine, who had witnessed all that past in silent attention, could no longer disguise the situation of her heart. She hid her face with her handkerchief, and wept most bitterly. After a short silence, she wiped away her tears, and in a tone of expression which I cannot describe, she said; "Yes, Signor, we are very wretched, it is impossible to be more so; but pray believe that we have not deserved our unhappy fate; do not regret the esteem which your generosity has prompted you to feel for us: continue to grant it us....."—"My child," said her aunt, embracing her, "Signor Don Carlos is too familiar with virtue, not to know your worth; he will do us ample justice; he will still preserve his esteem for

for us; and if it should ever happen that we should have recourse to his kind services, he will not refuse them."

"Ah! do not fear it," exclaimed I; "my happiness will indeed be great, most amiable Josephine, should I ever succeed to dry up the source of those tears! But, in the mean time, I beg to know your resolution on the last article of our conversation?"—"I have none to make," answered the aunt; "I cannot prevail on myself to think, that this wretch is either bold or powerful enough to add to our misery. And why should we torture our imagination in seeking remedies for evils that may never happen. We have miseries enough already without

without creating new ones, and I cannot see dangers so far distant.

" This, Signor Don Carlos, is all I have to say."

I then took my leave, having requested permission to revisit them, which was granted, on condition that I came dressed and attended as I was then.

In the afternoon of the following day, I availed myself of this permission to visit them again, and was very well satisfied with my reception. I was scarcely seated when there was a ring at the bell. Cascara opened the door, and a little girl of about twelve years of age made her appearance. She was pretty enough, but she had an air of assurance that quite astonished me. She held a bundle under her

her arm, which she gave to Josephine, begging her to make her a morning dress. Josephine, after examining the stuff, told her that there was only enough to make the petticoat: "That is very right," answered the little girl, "I have forgotten the jacket. I will bring it you to-morrow. My mamma wishes you to take measure of a gown for herself, for which she will send you the stuff."—"Why did not she come with you?" asked the aunt; — "My mamma," answered the little girl, "very seldom goes out; but if you wish it, I will desire her to come."—"We will see about that," said the aunt, "when you bring the jacket. Good bye, my dear." On going away, she took leave

of

of the ladies in a style of the greatest freedom. When it came to my turn, she looked me full in the face, and said to me, with a gravity and emphasis truly laughable: "Signor Cavalier, I—am—your—humble—servant." As soon as she was gone, and we were about to enter upon our conversation, there was a second ring. It was Ambrose, Sancha's shop boy, with a hamper of wine. "There," said he to the ladies, "is a hamper of wine which Signor Sancha sends you, by order of Doctor San Domingo." As soon as he had put down his hamper, he scraped and bowed to me so much, that I was obliged to beg him to desist. He then took the aunt aside, and whispered something, to which the lady

lady signified her consent by a nod of her head. The conversation done, he made me about twenty more bows and retired. As soon as he was gone, the aunt said to me, "You little think, Signor Don Carlos, what that boy said to me. He begged me to recommend him to you. He says he is tired of dusting and carrying books, and has taken it into his head to turn soldier, and wants to be enlisted in your regiment."—"The post," answered I, "is not difficult to be obtained; and I should wish your recommendation should be of more service to him. Tell him, if you please, the next time you see him, to go in my name to Signor Menezes, Captain of Grenadiers, at the Imperial Hotel, who

will enlist him, and give him a noble bounty. Do you know the boy?"—"He was in the service of a person with whom I am particularly acquainted, and during that time his conduct was irreproachable; but I must tell you, that since he has been in Signor Sancha's employment, he has manifested a very dangerous inclination."—"And, pray, what is that inclination?"—"A great predilection for other people's money."—"Has he really then committed any theft?"—"He has been marauding, to speak in the language of your profession, in the till of Signor Sancha."—"Is there any proof of it?"—"He himself has furnished the proof, by making restitution of what he took away."—"No matter;

matter; I will take him, nevertheless. He cannot go to a better school for correcting this villainous taste. He shall be watched, and the first time he is known to indulge it, he shall receive such sound correction as I think will reform him for his lifetime."—"I must likewise inform you, that Signor Sancha suspects him to be connected with Wanderghen. 'Tis very possible he may be one of his forlorn hopes."—"When Wanderghen's forlorn hope is once enlisted, he will find it a hard matter to serve his former Captain. But, from what you now inform me, it appears very probable, that it was this fellow who gave your address to Wanderghen"—"I do not think so; but I must confess, that I shall be obliged

by your enlisting him; Signor Sancha begins to be weary of him; and I myself have conceived a prejudice against him, and do not care that he should wait upon us." — "That motive is sufficient; to morrow he shall be enrolled, and lodged with the corps which is arrived for the review."

As soon as this affair was settled, San Domingo entered. After the usual compliments, he felt the aunt's pulse, told her that she was not cured, and scribbled a prescription which he gave to Josephine, saying, "To-morrow morning at seven o'clock, my fine child, conceal those charming features under your thickest veil, and procure this draught from Aphorisos.

risos. Your dear aunt must not get up before she has taken it."

These different visits brought on the night, and I accordingly took my leave, though not without ensuring a reception to breakfast the next morning to compensate me for the interruptions we had met with in that afternoon.

The next day, which was the 25th, I waited on the ladies according to my promise. It was about nine o'clock when I got there. The aunt opened the door to me. What a sight! A deadly paleness disfigured her face, and her looks were wild. "Ah Signor," said she, "is it you? And where is my Josephine? Have you met her? Have you found her? Have you brought her to me?" —

" Madam," answered I, " you alarm me. What can have happened then? Pray madam, endeavour to be more collected, and explain to me this dreadful mystery."

" This morning," said the aunt, " she went at seven o'clock to get the draught from Aphorisos, and she is not yet returned." I looked at my watch, and found that it was past nine. " Indeed," said I, " this delay is rather extraordinary. Does Aphorisos live far from here?"—" Five or six doors above our's, on the right." — " Run," said I to Cascara, " to Signor Aphorisos; ask him if he has received the prescription, and if he has seen the young lady. Make all the haste you can. " Now, Signor Don Carlos," said the dear lady to me, as

soon

soon as Cascara was gone, " now I implore your protection, and beseech you to restore my niece to me." — " Madam," answered I, " She shall be restored to you. — " Ah, yes," replied she, in an accent of despair, " she will be restored; but in what condition?"

Cascara returned in a few minutes, and reported that Aphorisos had heard the Doctor mention some draught for madam Charlotte on the preceding evening, but had seen nothing of the young lady. I then foresaw some dread disaster." — " Good Heavens!" said the aunt wringing her hands, " will you have no pity on the dear child? Pray Sir, protect her innocence!" —" Madam," said I, " do not despair, but rejoice rather that I came

this morning. The street is of no great extent, Cascara and I will go through it; he shall take one side, and I the other, and we will let you know the result of our search; till then do not give too much way to your affliction."

Cascara and myself, hastened into the street; I left the houses on the left to him, and I took those on the right. In vain did I stop all who passed by, and entered every house; no one could tell me any thing of Josephine. At length a little girl who was selling mellons at a stall, told me that about seven o'clock she had seen a young person answering my description pass by; that she had been accosted by a little girl about twelve years old, at the third door

from

from the apothecary's; that they both went into the passage together, and that she had seen no more of them. I ran to the gate, and went into the passage, which I was much alarmed to find had a gate at the other end, leading into a street. I returned to my melon-merchant, and after telling her the circumstance, I asked by whom the house was inhabited, "I am not at all acquainted with the neighbourhood," answered she, "I am only here because my mother is ill; but if you ask the barber, on the other side of the way, I dare say he can tell you." I flew to the barber, "Signor Barber," said I to him, "can you tell me what people live in that house?" — "Ah, " answered he, shrugging his shoulders, "you are jest-

ing with me; you know better than I can tell you." — "No, by St Jaques," replied I, "I know nothing about it, or I would not be at the trouble of asking." — "Signor," said he, "that house has as many different inhabitants as Noah's ark. The tenant on the ground floor, is, as you may see, a wine-merchant; on the first, lives a very honest duenna, who has subjects to satisfy every one's taste. On the second, is a swaggering fencing-master, who has been but two years at Madrid; and has only yet killed, by his own confession, two and fifty men! On the third, is an academy, not of learning, but of gaming; where the rich heirs who come from our provincial towns, expend all their money, to learn the art of cheating.

On

On the fourth, where you see that garret window, lodges the poet, Carpianos; who, since the satire he published against the minister ———, is become of note in the literary world."

I thanked the barber for his information, and repaired to the wine-merchant. I asked him the name of the lady who lived above him. "You must be very raw from the country," answered he, "not to know the Signora Meretrica."—"Would you have the kindness," said I, "to let her know, that a gentleman wishes to speak with her!"—"You take me for a fool," said the man abruptly; "I do not understand that kind of business."

I was extremely averse to go myself into the woman's apartment, and there-

fore, went up to the second floor in hopes that I should be more successful. As soon as the fencing-master perceived me, he marched up to me: "I am glad to see you, Signor cavalier," said he, "you do very right to apply to me; all my brethren are asses, who know none but the old style; I am the only one acquainted with the secret thrust, as I will demonstrate geometrically. Do you know any of the principles? do you know the *tierce and carte*? I suppose you know how to guard? Come let us see, take a foil. — "It is not about that," said I, "that I come, I come to beg of you to tell the Signora Meretrica, that a gentleman is desirous of speaking with her."— "No, no," answered he, "that would be

be an insult to you; a gentleman of your shape, does not need an introduction." This was all I could get from him.

I ascended the third stair-case, and went into a room, where I saw several people seated round a table; I asked for the master of the apartments; I had scarcely uttered the words, when the table was overturned, the cards and dice were scattered about the room, and every one used his utmost dexterity to scramble up his money, and run down stairs; so that in a short time I was left alone, and could find nobody to interrogate.

I resolved at length to conquer my aversion, and go myself into the den of this monster, who, I did not doubt, knew something of the unfortunate Josephine.

A well-

A well-dressed, and good-looking servant opened the door to me, whom I requested to conduct me to his mistress. He took me through an anti-chamber, and saloon, richly ornamented; where I saw nothing that could offend the most rigid modesty. From thence, I entered the wretch's bedchamber, where I found her taking chocolate. Nothing can be more sumptuous and magnificent, than the style in which this room was furnished. The bed alone was of incalculable value; gold, silver, and pearls, shone all around it; plumes of the choicest feathers adorned the roof; and the top was one entire glass. "O Providence!" said I to myself, "it is here that guilt inhabits, whilst virtue struggles

struggles against the hardest wants." But what astonished me still more than the sight I have just described, was, the appearance of the woman, who was surrounded by all this luxury. She was in an undress, simple and modest. Her countenance and manners bespoke the strictest decorum, and I made a vow on looking at her attentively, never more to trust to physiognomy.

The servant set a chair for me, and retired. I then entered upon my subject; I spoke with all the indignation with which her infamous trade inspired me, and with all the warmth which Josephine's misfortunes excited in me. She listened with the greatest composure; but when I told her who I was, and what I would

would do, if she did not instantly restore Josephine, or if the slightest insult should be offered to her innocence, she began to be alarmed, and confessed that she had disposed of Josephine; alledging in her excuse, that Astucia being the negociator, and the bargain being made in my house, she concluded, the object of it was for myself; and considering the young woman's poverty, which she understood to be excessive, she thought that 2000 piasters which it was agreed she should receive on being surrendered, would be a very satisfactory compensation. I then interrogated her strictly as to the circumstances of this outrage, but all I could learn was, that Astucia had taken her away in a chaise with our arms.

She

She declared herself ignorant of her destination, and with this discouraging assurance I left this splendid abode of triumphant vice, to return to that of suffering virtue! where I was waited for by the aunt and Cascara, whose enquiries had been even less successful than my own. I told the dear lady, all that had passed between myself and Meretrica; and did my utmost to console her. I promised to send a servant unknown by Warderghen to see if she was in that monster's clutches; and in short, to use every means of discovery in my power, and give her the earliest intimation of the result of my endeavours. It was then agreed, upon the suggestion of the good hearted Cascara, that his wife should attend this

this suffering mourner, during her niece's absence; and having succeeded in some degree to compose her sorrows, I took my leave. As soon as I left her, I ran home. Astucia was not there; all the information I could gain concerning him was, that he had ordered three post-horses to my chaise, and had said that he should not return till the next day. I sent to Wanderghen's, but he was not at home; he was at your mother's; and it appeared from the answer made my servant's enquiries, that neither Astucia nor any lady had been there. I sent to his garden. The servant reported that Wanderghen was expected there, having left word that he should be at home to supper. He went over the whole house, from the cellar

cellar to the garrets; he saw but three persons, one man and two women; he recognized the man for one of the players, and the women for two actresses.

This, my dear and unhappy friend, is all that I have been able to learn, to the present moment. I am unwilling to miss the post, and therefore send this letter before I am able to relieve you from the dreadful state of uncertainty in which it must place you. Happen what may, I will not fail writing to you by next post. Let us hope, my dear Fernando that it will give you better news than this. Joephine must be found again, and that 'ere long.

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